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Marcus-Jay Wenacott Editor
Pat Califia Associate Editor
Wendell Ricketts Associate Editor
Jacques Happe European Editor
Michael Benda Art Director
Frank Mondiola Classifieds
Richard Simon Subscriptions
Derek Yeager Advertising

FREQUENT CONTRIBUTORS

Writers
 Hoddy Allan, Guy Baldwin,
 Race Bannon, Joseph W. Bean,
 Anthony DeBlase, Dyrk, Jack Fritscher,
 Bud Harwood, Marcus Hernandez,
 Sean Martin, David May, Jack Rinella, Larry
 Townsend, Richard A. White

Photographers
 Target Archive, Scott Baseman, Mark L.
 Chester, Rick Castro, Palm Drive, Wayne
 Hampton, Hanson for Spikefoto, Inguz
 Prod., Thom Konor, Jim Moss, Robert Pruzan,
 Steve Sulton, Zeus Studios, Jim Wigler

Artists
 Cavalo, Domina, Elienne, The Hun,
 Les, Sean Martin, R.A.W., Rex, R.A. Shultz, Tom
 of Finland, Ken Wood

European distribution:
Desmodus International B.V.
P.O. Box 14423
1001 RC Amsterdam.
 Telephone: +31 20 639 3023
 FAX: +31 20 627 3220

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MARTIN BAKKER PUBLISHER



TRAVEL - PG. 20



TAKING A BREAK - PG. 27



CAPTIVE FOREMAN - PG. 44



EASTSIDE MEATPACKER - PG. 52

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"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is
 because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music
 he hears, however measured or far away."

-Henry David Thoreau



OUR PUBLIC RELATIONS SUCK

by Guy A. Baldwin, M.S.

Most of you already know that the religious right and other right-wing forces in this country lost the abortion battle that reached its fever pitch in 1992. To fight that battle, they built an impressive war machine that included huge phone trees, well-organized fund-raising, excellent public relations and media-management teams, and all the rest.

War machines of this sort tend to take on a life of their own, and it just wouldn't do for them to get all dressed up for the battle and then not win. As luck would have it, President Bill Clinton (presumably by accident) promptly provided them with a new target in the form of the gays-in-the-military issue. Almost without missing a beat, the war machine turned on us and all hell broke loose with the predictable result that we lost the first battle for equality in which we had a powerful ally in a high place. Unless we analyze carefully how it was that we lost, we will lose again. It is no accident that the Human Rights Campaign Fund has released its new six-month plan of action; the introduction to this plan notes, "We need a political and lobbying operation that rivals that of the radical right."

I must have gotten at least 100 phone calls during the gays-in-the-military debate telling me that the 700 Club, a right-wing religious television show, was broadcasting a piece of antigay propaganda that included me talking about SM during the 1987 March on Washington. The video footage was intercut with other footage taken during a pride parade in San Francisco. What do you think they chose to show from that parade? Yup, the leather contingent footage was used to whip up viewer disgust toward the "gay agenda." There were also a few obligatory shots of drag queens thrown in, but it was mostly leather folks.

If I had suspected that the footage taken of me in 1987 might be used against us later, you can be sure that I would have chosen my words even more carefully than I did. And now I'll come to the point of this commentary: If we place weapons in the hands of the radical right, we can't be surprised when they're used against us. I am much less naive these days when I'm being interviewed on or off camera, and I choose my words such that they absolutely cannot be taken out of context. Every sentence I utter is qualified very carefully, because I have learned the hard way that anything I say or do in a public setting might be used against you—yes, all of you—at some point in the future (perhaps years later). I have learned that my wish to educate outsiders must be balanced with my need to protect us.

NOW IT'S YOUR TURN

I was very worried when I witnessed spontaneous floggings and whippings between people who ought to have known better during the March on Washington in April 1993, at L.A.'s Pride Festival that summer, and, more recently, at the Folsom Street Fair in San Francisco in September 1993. I got nervous as hell when I noticed professional video crews filming these whippings both in Washington and in SF. Vanilla observers had no context in which to place what they witnessed. The always-observant children that I saw watching these floggings appeared to be confused or frightened.

The success of our political struggles depends upon having the support of mainstream gays and lesbians along with heterosexuals, including those who brought their children to these events for the first time (and probably the last). It's a safe bet

POINTS OF ORDER

that we lost useful political points on those days. When I see such poor political judgement from leatherfolks in public, I have to ask myself, "Why do I even try to help a bit with the effort to change the world into a better place for kinky people when a few dopes who let their hormones run wild in public, or are self-serving, egocentric exhibitionists, can so easily undo the hard work of others who are dedicated to this effort?" I suspect many spokespeople have given up in the face of the power of such self-destructive public behavior as I witnessed.

I know that some will criticize my comments by asserting that I want us to go back into the closet, but that is untrue. We can be out of the leather closet by wearing all our leather-tribe stuff that says we really are different without demonstrating in public exactly what happens when we play together. Most vanilla folks don't want to see what we do when we play and they don't even need to know (unless they want to) in order to be helpful to us. This is not about being politically correct; it's about being politically smart.

Like it or not, politics today are all about public relations and media management. Our under-funded political organizations can't afford spin doctors and media managers to do damage control with the voting public every time somebody commits what amounts to assault in public with a whip in the eyes of the law. Until and unless we can all come to something like agreement on just how our public relations need to be managed, including how we handle ourselves in public, then we can expect to be consistently out-manuevered by the better-organized, better-funded foes who would be happy to see us all behind bars permanently. We can also expect to lose support for our lifestyle in the mainstream gay and lesbian world. Unless all the rowers in this boat pull in the same direction, we are going nowhere fast except, perhaps, to sink altogether.

We have some tough choices to make. We can either allow those few among us who wish to rub SM in vanilla folks' noses to risk turning them into our enemies, or we can agree that SM is best reserved for leather spaces and accept responsibility for managing our own people in public to accomplish political goals that will benefit us all. There is nothing new here; it's just a new setting for an old problem: individual liberties versus collective social responsibility. I wonder if we have the moral courage even to address these issues courteously, directly, and honestly.

Guy Baldwin, M.S. is a Los Angeles-based psychotherapist who works with those on the sexual frontiers. He wrote the book, *Ties That Bind*, and served as International Mr. Leather in 1989.■

"Points of Order" are editorial opinion pieces. They serve as a community forum about a variety of controversial issues. The viewpoints and information shared are those of the authors, and do not necessarily reflect the editorial position of *Drummer* magazine.

I have the utmost respect for Guy Baldwin, and I believe he was motivated to write "Our Public Relations Suck" by his deep concern for the future of our community. However, I also believe that the political strategy he outlines is not, in fact, a wise course for us to follow. The question Baldwin poses is how we as a community should respond to the fact that right-wing, fundamentalist Christian organizations have used video footage of leather people participating in gay pride events as part of their antigay propaganda.

First of all, he encourages us to be extremely careful about what we say in public. When making a speech, he says, "I choose my words such that they absolutely cannot be taken out of context." Later in the article, Baldwin urges us to avoid performing any actions in public that could be exploited by the people who hate us. He says, "We can be out of the leather closet by wearing all our leather-tribe stuff... without demonstrating in public exactly what happens when we play together. Most vanilla folks don't want to see what we do when we play, and they don't even need to know... in order to be helpful to us."

He condemns people who engaged in "spontaneous floggings and whippings" during the March on Washington and leather pride festivals and street fairs as "a few dopes who let their hormones run wild in public." He warns us "If we place weapons in the hands of the radical right, we can't be surprised when they're used against us" and "We can also expect to lose support for our lifestyle in the mainstream gay and lesbian world." He concludes by urging us to "agree that SM is best reserved for leather space...."

As minorities become better organized and more self-aware, they become more visible. This has a positive side: it makes it easier for new people to find us, and it makes most of us feel less paranoid or claustrophobic. But it also makes it easier for our enemies to find us. Of course it's a good idea to look over a speech and check it for inflammatory content that could be misconstrued. But I don't have much confidence in our ability to keep damaging material out of the hands of anti-SM demagogues. My own work has been plundered by homophobes in quest of juicy quotes. Antiporn activist Judith Reisman recently appeared on CNN reading excerpts from *Macho Shuts* in an attempt to discredit Alyson Publications' line of children's books about lesbian mothers and gay fathers. If I employed Baldwin's reasoning, I might conclude that I should stop writing SM porn because of this incident.

If the New Christian Right didn't have video footage of public floggings, they could always lift something from a porn video or the pages of *Drummer*. There's no reason to think "leather space" has a magic line around it. During a recent flap about gay bathhouses in San Francisco, a video camera was smuggled into a sex club, and [heavily edited] footage of the action there appeared on the evening news. It wouldn't be hard to infiltrate one of the play parties at Living in Leather or the International Mr. Leather contest. Should we stop organizing dungeons? As far as most people are concerned, footage of people in fetish attire marching in public is scary enough to generate a donation to an organization that promises to halt this menace. What's next, a campaign to convince middle-class, white America that we are just like them? A retreat to the days of the Mattachine Society, when gay male activists wore business suits and lesbians appeared in dresses with pantyhose and pumps? Where is "leather space" anyway? Don't we occupy the whole world?

Frankly, the concept of "managing our own people" scares me worse than the 700 Club. No one has been elected to serve as the SM police. This can only lead to ugly imbroglios like the shouting match that ensued during the Stonewall 25 March when Baldwin, Gil Kessler, Barry Douglas, and a handful of

others attempted to stop San Francisco leatherdyke Tala Brandeis from cracking a bullwhip while she marched with the leather contingent. It

seems safe to say that most of the participants wanted Brandeis to perform, since hundreds of people began to call her name and boo the people who were telling her to put the whip away. Eventually dozens of people linked hands to create a cordon around Brandeis so she could crack the whip in a safe zone of empty space. I have been told that even after the majority made their wishes known in this very palpable fashion, some of Brandeis's opponents discussed sending somebody into the circle to get hit by her whip, so they could have her arrested.

This sends me straight back to 1978 when the organizers of the San Francisco gay freedom day parade harassed the Society of Janus contingent and repeatedly told us to leave the parade. They threatened to have us arrested if we did not stop damaging the public image of gay men and lesbians. Two years later, the committee attempted to enact a policy forbidding people from wearing leather at the parade. When they were asked how they intended to enforce this policy, they said they would have people arrested. In the wake of Spanner, how could any of us even consider giving cops a pretext to arrest another leather person?

People hate us precisely because they are afraid of our sexuality. Vanilla people *do* need to know what we do, and deal with it, if they are going to support us. As for alienating the mainstream gay and lesbian community... it seems to me we don't have much support from them already. *The Advocate* never even bothered to list the leather conference that took place at the March on Washington, and they ignored Stonewall 25's leather events. Because of the feminist antiporn movement and the sex phobia generated by AIDS, leather people face an enormous amount of prejudice from lesbians and gay men.

Becoming less visible or less outrageous will not win us any friends or allies. We need to respond aggressively to bigoted portrayals of our community—whether they appear in gay or straight media. We need an antidefamation information service to alert us to such imagery, and we need to write letters and make phone calls to protest it. Our community outreach needs to include a sex education component. This isn't easy, given how ignorant most people are about human sexuality. (Contrary to what Baldwin says, the New Right has not given up on its campaign to criminalize abortion.) This is not a battle we will win in one year or 10 years. It's going to take a long time to persuade people to think twice about the stereotype of SM as violent and pathological.

Given how much shit we put up with in our everyday lives, you can't blame people for wanting to pretend, if only for a few hours, that we can safely flaunt our sexuality. But no member of our community, no matter how bizarre or high-profile, is responsible for our oppression. Rather, we need to hold our enemies responsible for their hate-mongering instead of turning on each other. For sadomasochists, assimilation just won't work. It doesn't further our cause to create scapegoats within our community. This divisive and self-hating behavior is the inevitable outcome of trying to tone ourselves down to placate people who will never, in fact be appeased by anything other than the eradication of our community.

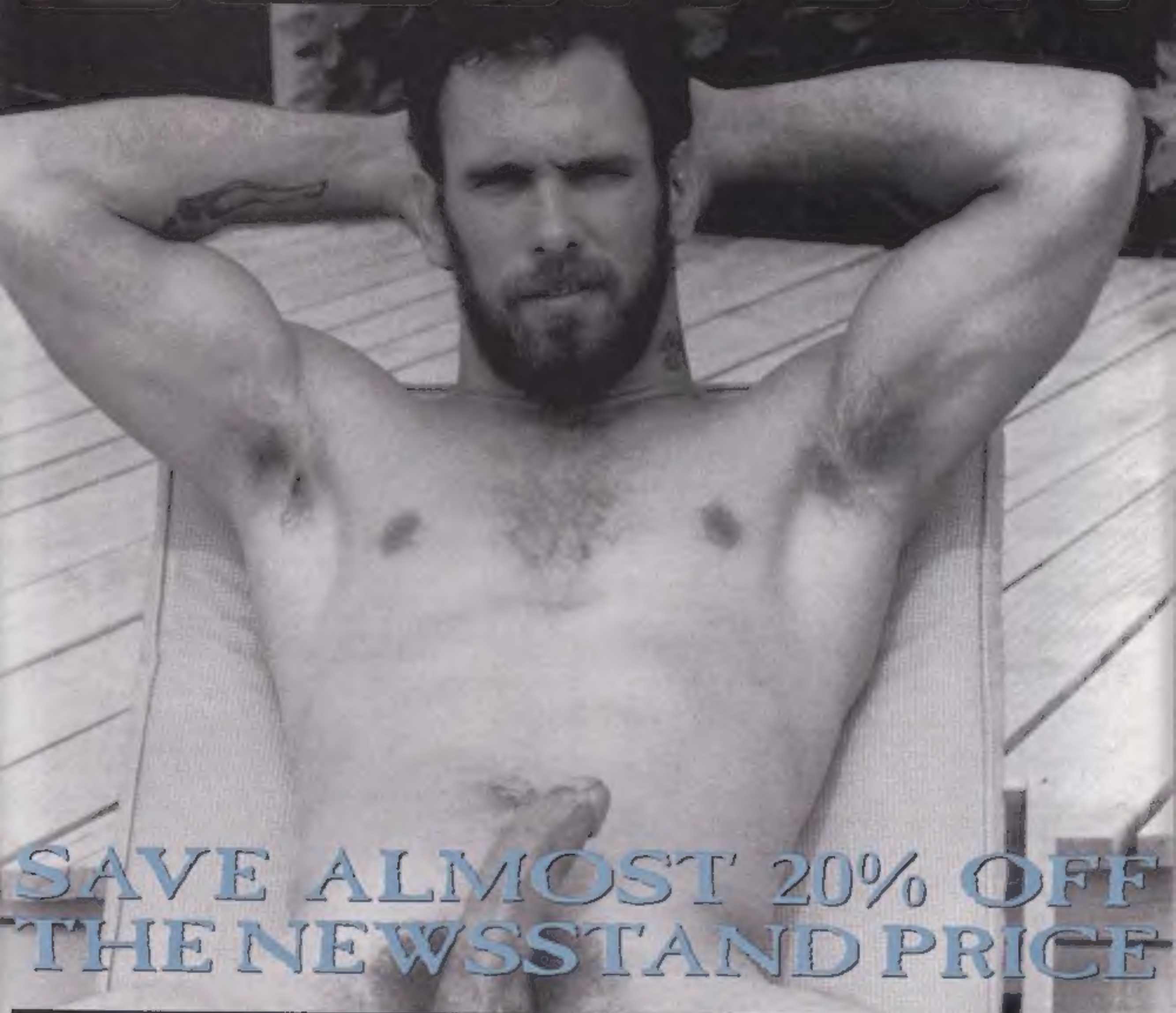
Pat Califia is an editor and author whose published works include *The Lesbian S/M Safety Manual* and *Sensuous Magic*. She does not enter contests.■

ASSIMILATIONIST SADOMASOCHISTS?

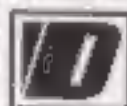
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MALE CALL

Dear Editor,

I'm really puzzled by the skinhead issue (#175). I realize that in order for *Drummer* to maintain its position as the magazine representing the cutting edge of leathersex and SM sensuality, it's your duty to report on all the angles of our community. I may personally be squeamish about some of them on occasion, but different strokes for different folks, right?

So it's not your *decision* to run articles and pictorials on gay skinheads that I question. Rather, it is our community's *acceptance* of this culture at less than surface value—and all its underpinnings—that frightens me.

As I'm sure the onslaught of letters that this issue has likely brought in will show, pictorials like "Skin Master" and "British Neo-Fags" strike the ultimate bull's-eye toward inciting controversy and debate. By the time I had skimmed the "Skin Master" photos, my stomach had turned. About the only things missing were a WWII armband and a Nazi flag to replace the old Soviet one, and you would have completed a 10-for-10 unanimous insult to the memories of millions of "exterminated" Jews, gypsies, homosexuals and other non-Aryans that Hitler deemed unworthy of life. If there really are that many leatherfolk among us who have forgotten this segment of history, it's time to

remind them about the origins of the Pink Triangle (thank you, Jack Rinella).

Okay, so all skinheads are not neo-Nazis. Your photo spread didn't do much to deflect that bully/thug/oppressor image and it most certainly did not look like a safe/sane/consensual endorsement, considering the main link between skinhead image and ideology is violence. That's probably the crux of my dilemma. Are there so many leathermen who are unable to shake out internal homophobia and self-hatred that we will swallow a victim mentality and turn to some of the planet's most notorious (past and present) fagbashers as raw icons of lust? Carefully arranged, meticulously detailed and photographed with the most professional of intentions, yes, but still evil, destructive, hate-filled people in real life.

Let's not start turning "fascism" into a mere homonym for "fashion."

Anyway, congratulations on the re-vitalization of *Drummer*. Issue #175 may not have gotten my dick hot, but for a few moments my blood boiled and my brain went into hyper-drive. After all, that's what a great magazine is supposed to do.

Sincerely,
T.B.
Nashville, TN

Dear T.B.,

In planning this particular issue, we were well aware of the probable stir the subject of skinheads would create. Our position as a publication that represents the "whole" community dictates that we take an interest in the erotic phenomena and sexual imagery that our readers find around them. Most skinheads (especially those who are gay) are not advocates of fascism or Nazism. Those who live as skinheads don't necessarily experience self-hatred or internalized homophobia (or, at least, no more than anyone else). They are expressing

themselves, period.

You were not present at these photo shoots and did not participate in any of the negotiations that took place between master and slave. We didn't give you any information about the personal, political beliefs of our models or writers. Be careful about making too many assumptions regarding any group of individuals who express themselves in a different manner from you—or who eroticize imagery that doesn't make your "dick hot." I can assure you that we at *Drummer* are not evil and that we do not endorse destructive behavior. We take our leather/SM seriously and definitely are not "slaves to fashion." We are purveyors and aficionados of gay male erotica for leathermen—in all our great variety and difference.
MJW

Hey there,

Concerning your "gay skinheads" issue: After reading it I realized that someone should point out a few things in the context of what was written.

I was a little surprised when Jack Rinella, an otherwise intelligent writer, mentioned that he had never even met a skinhead! All that writing on the comparisons to be made between leatherfolk and skins, and he didn't even have any personal experience to back it up? He did make some interesting points, but I felt that the issue deserved at least an educated opinion rather than pure speculation. This pretty much sums up how I felt about that particular theme issue.

To preface a bit, I seem to know a heck of a lot more than most faggots about skinheads. I've been active in the punk scene since my mid-teens, and part of being in punk means having to deal with skins. I've known many skins, both good and bad, and it irks me to see media attempting to portray them as one thing or another, without acknowledging the whole picture. I've also watched the skin scene

change over the years, perhaps directly related to the amount and the kind of exposure the media has chosen to give them.

A little known fact—skinhead does not equal racist. Many skins don't actively follow any particular political platform. About half of all skinheads do indeed consider themselves straight-up racists (divided between "white power," "white pride," and "Nazi," the differences being irrelevant). The other half is made up of SHARPs (Skinheads Against Racial Prejudice) and traditional skins. According to the latter, real skinheads aren't racist. Real skinhead culture began in England in the late 1960s. White, working-class kids united with music and culture brought in from Jamaica and the West Indies to create a racially integrated social scene with its own style and ideals. In the late '70s, during the punk explosion, skin culture adopted more radical elements, with angrier politics and a new form of music—"Oi." The media capitalized on the more violent, ugly side of skins, and political parties like the fascist National Front recruited skins. This, and the growing popularity of racist rock bands, turned a once positive movement into a gross parody of itself. The result of this in the U.S. is a mish-mash of ideologies. A lot of racist kids in this country see the skin image as the personification of their feelings, and use it to identify. And there are still those who believe in the original meaning of what being a skinhead is all about.

I have several gay skinhead friends and penpals. They're all somewhat mystified by the sudden fascination of gays with their esthetics. None of them to my knowledge is remotely interested in SM or

anything resembling it. In fact, they seem to be rather wholesome (dare I say "traditional?") when it comes to sexual expression. I seriously doubt any of them read magazines like this one.

I realize that a fetish is simply a fetish—a desire, a fantasy, an assumed role. I can certainly distinguish between fantasy and reality. I am a big fan of the real skinhead style—it's sharp, clean, and very erotic as well. But I am a bit concerned with the potential for misinterpretation by people who aren't informed. According to friends in the U.K., the growing trendiness of skinhead-styled gays has led to some overlap into negative political ideology, outside of a sexual persona. Aside from that, I'm not looking forward to the ranks of queers scrambling to dress as the newest, toughest skinheads. Clothing can be a very strong statement, and I suggest to anyone who chooses to dress skin to consider seriously what they are trying to say to the world. However, I'm always looking for a good bootboy.

Thanks,
M.W.
San Francisco, CA

Dear M.W.,

I couldn't have said it better!
MJW



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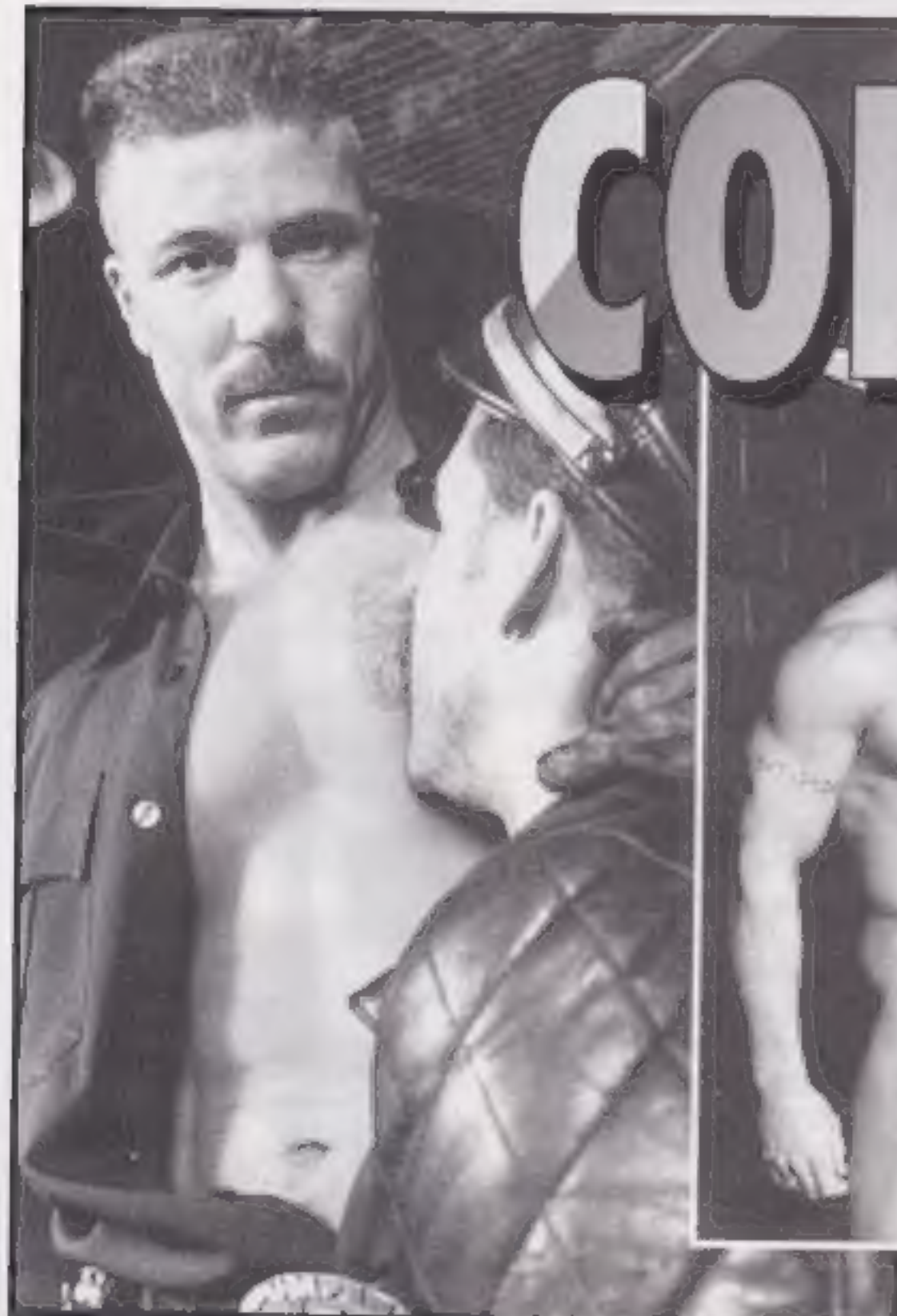
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JEFFREY TUCKER — INTERNATIONAL MR. LEATHER 1994

MARCUS THE MERCILESS

By Marcus Hernandez
Photos by Marcus Hernandez

For the eighth time in the history of the International Mr. Leather contest, a California leatherman scored highest of all 43 contestants to grab the title in the 16th year of this Chicago leather spectacle.

Jeffrey Tucker of San Jose was the fifth Northern Californian to reap the glory and the prizes that go with his new title. The first runner-up was Mr. New York Leather, Orlando Diaz, and second runner-up was Mr. Oklahoma State Leather, Terry Gatewood.

The grand but aging Congress Hotel on South Michigan Avenue hosted visitors from around the world in the Windy City's annual paeon to the leather tribe during the weekend of May 27-30, 1994. If there was one, there were at least a hundred parties going simultaneously in various suites at the hotel and in bars, private homes, and other venues throughout the weekend—and that was in addition to the "official" gatherings sponsored by IML.

Head Judge Thom Dombkowski of Chicago presided over the panel of judges: Omaha's Dustin Logan, West Hollywood's David Rhodes, New Mexico's Pat Sanchez, IML '93 Henri Ten Have, Houston's Dean Walradt, Chicago leather columnist Jack Rinella, and New York's Jim Mitchell. I was once again honored to sit in as Judge Emeritus.

On Friday night, May 27th, the contestants and judges were presented to the package-ticket buyers at a welcoming party hosted by IML producer, Chuck Renslow. The hopefuls drew numbers for their order of appearance, and speeches combined with welcoming words were offered by the producers and various leather title holders.

While judges grilled the contestants for some eight hours on Saturday, parties by various groups representing cities and clubs were in progress with the usual touring by first-time visitors. A memorial tribute was conducted in one of the suites for the late International Mr. Drummer 1992-93, Emerson Briney, with anecdotal tributes rendered.

Since 1993, the outgoing IML has been obliged to host a "hometown" party, and this year the hometown was Amsterdam in deference to Henri Ten Have. Several members of his club, Motor Sportsclub Amsterdam (MSA) took over the private portion of a disco and generously dispensed tulips, wooden shoes, and other artifacts of Holland in a humorous display that included Dutch leathermen performing native dances in wooden shoes!

But Chicago was very much alive not only with IML events, but with gatherings hosted by the Chicago Bears, the Hellfire Club, and the Windy City AUA taking place all over town. Various Chicago bars hosted smaller parties by groups from across the nation.

With pre-judging still in progress on Sunday morning, delegates to IML were not bored, with

brunches and more parties in progress. When twilight arrived, buses, taxis, bikes, and limos lined up at the renovated Congress Theater across town. The theater seating was a surprise, but cocktail service was excellent.

The opening featured a parade of flags and colors by uniformed men, and the anthems of Canada, The Netherlands, and other countries were followed by the Chicago Gay Men's Chorus in white tuxedos singing the U.S. anthem. As someone shouted, "Let the games begin!", the 43 scantily clad leathermen appeared on a mammoth stage decorated to look like outer space with planets scattered about.

After the muscle men and dancers completed their act, a burst of fire and brimstone signaled the beginning of the theme event, Masters of the Universe. International Mr. Leather 1993, Henri Ten Have, stepped out of a shimmering frame to greet the contestants and the audience to tumultuous applause.

After a greeting by Chuck Renslow, introduction of emcees IML '93 Lenny Broberg and "Hurricane" Storm, the contest began in earnest. The 20 semi-finalists were named and more entertainment ensued, followed by the leather image and jock spectacles and 90-second speeches by the contestants.

International Mr. Leather 1984, Ron Moore of Denver, was present to celebrate his 10th anniversary as were various Mr. Drummer winners and International Ms. Leather, Anne C.S. Bergstedt. All were afforded speech time on Friday night.

IML Den Daddy, Walter Klingler, charged with caring for IML contestants every year for over a decade, was not unlike a nervous father awaiting the outcome for the charges he had nurtured throughout the weekend. Paul Parker did the vocal honors before the moment of truth and wowed the crowd with his robust voice, upbeat tunes, and virile image, looking every inch the daddy type. The older some people get, the better they look—Paul Parker is hot.

IML producer Chuck Renslow thanked everyone for their support of IML over the years and brought IML Henri Ten Have to the microphone. Henri's gracious words were well received. He recounted his year with the title and the warm feelings he had visiting the U.S., Australia, and several European countries as well. He received a



CONFETTI & STREAMERS RAINED DOWN FOR THE 1994 I.M.L. '94 WINNERS. LEFT TO RIGHT: 2ND RUNNER-UP TERRY GATEWOOD, IML '94 JEFFREY TUCKER, 1ST RUNNER-UP ORLANDO DIAZ.



IML CONTESTANTS IN "JOCK" ATTIRE. LEFT TO RIGHT: MR. SF LEATHER MIKE LIAS, KEVIN IRWIN OF LONDON, PIERRE GRIFFITHE OF MONTREAL, MR. MARYLAND LEATHER KEVIN HARVEY.

standing ovation and the winners were announced. The scoring was close, but nonetheless, the scores determine the winners. The crowd seemed jubilant with the choice of Jeffrey Tucker by the judges. Parties ensued all over Chicago and there was a big crowd the next night at the Chicago Eagle to close out the IML '94 weekend at the Black & Blue Ball, but not before the principals participated in the AIDS Vigil and March.

Thus far in 1994 the leather community has chosen International Mr. and Ms. Leather. International Mr. Drummer 1994-95 will be chosen the last weekend in September in San Francisco, completing the triad of major title holders we hold in esteem. The responsibilities of Anne Bergstedt, Jeffrey Tucker, and the new International Mr. Drummer go forward toward fulfillment as they did for their predecessors.

EVENTURES IN LEATHER

The Fall season beckons with a myriad of events for fun, fund-raising, and gathering that we as leather people always look forward to for renewing old and new acquaintances. These are gatherings to nurture the brother- and sisterhood of leather folk who have worked so hard during the past months to epitomize leather pride, to work for the honorable image of our lifestyle, and to raise money. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been raised for every conceivable cause both here and overseas and especially for the Spanner Defense expenses.

AIDS, the seemingly endless scourge that has left us bereft of loved ones, friends, lovers, brothers, and sisters, continues to hold the priority. If you're strapped for cash, volunteering is painless and encouraged. We cannot let up nor should we. I know you share these feelings and we thank you for being there.

Here are some fun things you might want to consider:

September 2-4: Labor Day Weekend heralds the end of the Summer season with a plethora of leather-oriented events.

In San Francisco, the Leather Daddy's Boy 1994 contest takes place at the San Francisco Eagle on Sunday afternoon at 15:00 hours. Call The Eagle @ 415.626.0880 for information.

A variety/stage production entitled "Men Behind Bars" (started by a former Mr. SF Leather, the late Jim Cvitanich), plays seven shows at the Victoria Theater in San Francisco's Mission District. "Men Behind Bars" is composed of bartenders from a number of drinking establishments throughout the city, all cavorting in skits (maybe some in skirts) and musical numbers, and features Michael Greer.

The Satyrs Motorcycle Club of Los Angeles host their annual Badger Flats Run over this Labor Day weekend, probably the biggest weekend bike run in the state.

Seattle hosts "Powersurge—Seattle Madness" all weekend for leather/SM dykes and women-identified-women with valid I.D. Write: Powersurge, 1202 E. Pike St., Seattle, WA 98122 or call 800.228.2828.

The Centaur MC of Washington, D.C. host their Olympia XIII weekend run in Oxford, PA with the usual bike weekend amenities. The \$170 fee includes everything but the kitchen sink. Contact Centaur MC, P.O. Box 34193, Washington, D.C. 20043-4193 or call their Hot Line at 301.735.6377.

September 17: Regiment of the Black & Tans, LA's spiffy uniform club, celebrates its Platinum 20th Anniversary on that Saturday night aboard the RMS Queen Mary in Long Beach. The formal sit-down dinner in dress uniform or black tie is limited to 250 persons. Contact them at P.O. Box 291157, Los Angeles, CA 90029.

September 15-28: The Dungeons and Castles of Europe Tour will visit Frankfurt, Rothenburg, Munich for Oktoberfest, Berlin, and Amsterdam. The total fee is \$2,190; however, airfare is not included. Contact Travel Keys Tours, P.O. Box 162266, Sacramento, CA 95816-2266 or call 916.452.5200.

September 15-19: The 20th Annual Oktoberfest in Munich, Germany is slated, offering advanced sales by the European Council of Motorcycle Clubs. Contact the Munich Leather Club (MLC), Postfach 330163, 80061 Munich, Germany. Their FAX number is +49.89.53.2293. Accommodations are open at five different hotels, all about \$35, payable in Deutschmarks. You can order tix via the FAX number listed above.

September 18-25: Leather pride week in San Francisco flourishes. Read all about it in my previous "Merciless" column in *Drummer* 177.

September 24-25: Dungeon in the Sky, Europe's biggest SM celebration, takes place, including an SM Pride march through central London, as well as workshops, an SM market, plus more. Contact SM/Gays, Dinsky, BM SM Gays, London WCLN 3XX, England.

October 7-9: NLA's "Living in Leather" is entitled "La Vie en Cuir" in Toronto, Ontario, Canada this year. Most of the action takes place at the Westbury Hotel. Every possible leather/SM activity will be on display here, with a leather mart, seminars, demos, food, dancing, play parties, and the Mr. and Ms. NLA contest. This year's cost is only \$105 until September 1st; \$125 through October 1st, or \$140 at the door. Contact LIL IX Registration, NLA International, 584 Castro St., Suite 444, San Francisco, CA 94114.

October 14-16: The American Brotherhood Weekend organizers in Washington, D.C. present contests naming American Leatherman 1994 and American Cowboy 1994 as well as the first American Leatherwoman. The price is \$35 for the entire weekend if purchased by October 4th or \$40 at the door. Contact: Jose Ucles, 3281 South Stafford, Apt. A-1, Arlington, VA 22206 or call 703.931.7407.

October 22: The Ms. San Diego Leatherwoman contest occurs at the Masonic Lodge in San Diego on this Saturday evening. It's only \$10. Contact Leatherwoman Productions, P.O. Box 82454, San Diego, CA 92138-2454.



INTERNATIONAL MR. LEATHER 1984 RON MOORE CHATS WITH HEAD JUDGE THOM DOMBKOWSKI AT I.M.L. '94.

Keep it up... in leather!
The Merciless

EUROPEAN NEWS

BY JACQUES HAPPE

PHOTOS BY JACQUES HAPPE

AMSTERDAM AND THE UK CELEBRATE EUROPRIDE



London's UK Pride Festival, held on June 18, 1994, was a huge success. Over 65,000 lesbians and gay men participated in the early afternoon march, and between 120,000 (police estimate) and 160,000 (Festival organizers' estimate) crowded Brixton's Brockwell Park afterwards to celebrate. In Amsterdam on June 25, 1994, 55,000 happy people joined Holland's largest-ever gay march, while some 75,000 gay men and lesbians gathered on the Amsterdam's Museumplein as part of 11 days of EuroPride (June 15-25, 1994).

The English in particular were offended by Dutch organizers' choice of a theme for their participation in EuroPride: "The Dutch Way of Gay." Apparently they felt that the Amsterdam organizers were implying that Holland

could show all of Europe the best way to be gay! Apart from this, publicity was not handled well, and many Europeans had little information about the Dutch festival. Many French groups did join the Dutch in their out-and-proud message, however. In the end, cooperation between EuroPride and Amsterdam gay business was so poor that, only 10 days after EuroPride ended this year, the EuroPride organization filed for bankruptcy.

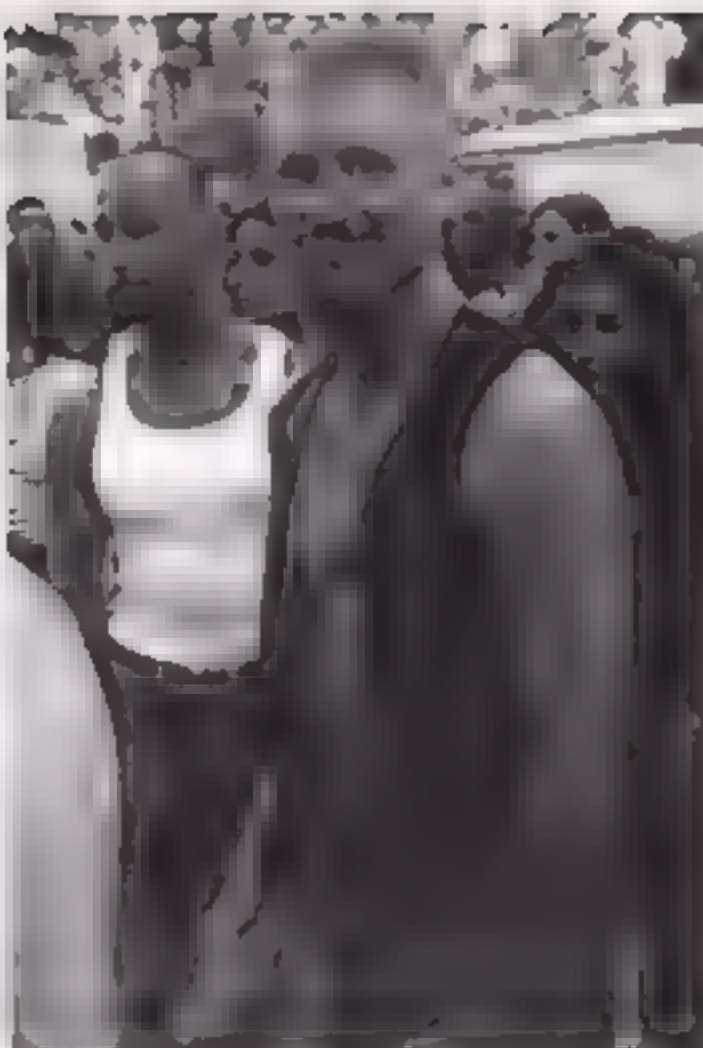
Police in both Amsterdam and London said that no major incidents took place during those cities' festivals, and Chief Superintendent Bill Wilson, the officer in charge of security for London's UK Pride, praised Pridegoers for their "good humor and high spirits." (*Trash in the Streets*, July 1, 1994; *Pink Paper*, June 24, 1994; *Gay Krant*, July 9, 1994)

ENGLAND'S AGE-OF-CONSENT LAW CHALLENGED

England's House of Lords has agreed with the House of Commons to lower the age of consent for gay men from 21 to 18 (House of Lords' member Rabbi Jakobovits dissented, however, commenting that "I can only vote for a bill that condemns homosexuality totally.") Despite this change in the law, a difference still exists between heterosexual and homosexual age-of-consent limits (16 vs 18). Stonewall, England's gay-rights organization, was reasonably satisfied with the result, but will continue to fight to lower the age of consent to 16 for all citizens.

Seventeen-year-old Eugen Sutherland had originally filed a complaint with the European Court in Strassbourg, France, claiming that England's age-of-consent law conflicted with European legislation.

Because the European Court would have refused to consider a personal complaint from Sutherland until such time as he turned 18, however, Sutherland had filed his action as a matter of infringement of a general civil right. (*Pink Paper*, June 24, 1994; *Gay Krant*, July 9, 1994)



NEW HANDBOOK FROM SM GAYS

SM Gays, Britain's non-profit organization for gay men interested in consensual SM play, has released its third resource book. In this volume, playing with electricity, watersports, making your own stocks, corporal punishment, floggers and flagellation, personal safety and SM, a glossary of abbreviations commonly found in personal ads, and an update on SM and English law. Order this issue or volume two (the first issue has been sold out) by sending £10 per book in cash (at sender's risk), Sterling Cheques drawn on a UK bank, or postal orders made payable to SM Gays to: SM Gays, BM SM Gays, London WC1N 3XX, England

DUNGEON IN THE SKY

For the third time in as many years, London will host the largest-ever daytime SM event. Dungeon in the Sky, scheduled for September 24, 1994, will feature the annual SM Pride March through central London and a night of pervers parading in the name of Countdown on Spanner. The Dungeon in the Sky afternoon picnic will take place the following afternoon from 15:00 until 18:00 on Hampstead Heath (bring your own food and drinks)

Dungeon in the Sky, a pansexual celebration organized by SM Gays, SM Dykes, SM Bis, and Countdown on Spanner, will again be held at the University of London Union. Events include workshops, a Bondage Garden, a Shaving Saloon, a massive SM Market, exhibitions, plus bars and food stalls. The Spanner Slammer party will begin at 22:00

...NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

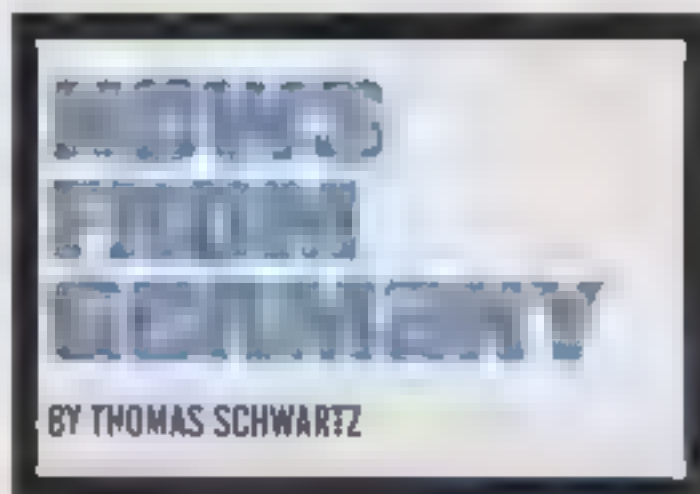
Three moments of Pride (by Lisa Power and Dilly Ditton, writing in June 24th's *Pink Paper*)

- Ironing my shirt on Saturday morning with the TV on and hearing the Barbie Doll advert in which a little girl says excitedly, "Mummy, I can take her to bed with me!" Brings new meaning to the phrase, "sex toy" (*Drummer* wonders how many leathermen have purchased the leather Ken doll and are taking him to bed with you! —Ed.)

- The police officer in charge of UK Pride telling an organizer that his usual duties were in the Royal Protection Squad. Came the bright reply: "Oh, from one queen to 50,000!"

- Another officer, trying to con-

trol the homeward-bound crowds at the Brixton, South London tube stop, picked up a megaphone to plead for orderly conduct. His action drew immediate cries of "Speech! Speech!" from the crowd ■



SHAVING SESSION IN BERLIN

The rather small quarters of the SM club Qualgeist hosts a shaving session on September 30. Admittance for men only who want to shave or to be shaved. Bring your own razor. The next special evening, October 1, is reserved for Sklaven-Nacht (Slave Night). Slaves are admitted one hour before masters in order to prepare for a long, hard night. This special weekend concludes with the Golden Shower Extra on October 2 (Qualgeist, Hasenheide 54, 1. Hof, 5. Stock). October 8 is Qualgeist's Dildo Party—be sure to bring your favorite toy from home!

FRANKFURT: BLACK AUTUMN PARTY

After the success of their Black Summer Party, the Frankfurt Leather Club announces its Black Autumn Party for men into leather, uniforms, rubber, and jeans. The special playroom will be open, and the FLC's invitation adds: "Don't forget your toys!" The party will take place in Stall, Frankfurt's oldest leather bar, Stiftstrasse 22 on November 26. The "Frankfurters" meet every Wednesday at Switchboard, Alte Gasse 36. You can also reach them weekends at Stall, Stiftstrasse 22 or in Jail's (the M&S Connection cellar bar), Angelstrasse 5-9 in Mannheim-Neckarau.

A VISIT TO THE MINES

The End of October Party (the Chemnitzer Eagle's second annual leather party) takes place October 28-30, 1994 and includes a visit to the Zeche Reiche coal mine. Main party at The Eagle, Röslerstrasse 9 in Chemnitz ■

RASIEREN IN BERLIN

In dem kleinen, aber dafür manchmal umso interessanten Kreis um die Qualgeist in Berlin gibt es am Freitag, den 30. September ein "Shaving Session" für Leute die rasieren oder rasiert werden wollen. Rasierzeug ist selber mitzubringen. Am 8. Oktober muss man seinen Dildo mitbringen, dann heisst es "Dildo-Nacht". Zwischen diesen beiden interessanten Abenden gibt es die Sklaven-Nacht am 1. Oktober, und das Wochenende wird am 2. 10 mit "Golden Shower Extra" abgeschlossen

FRANKFURTER HERBSTPARTY

Es heisst wieder "Black Autumn Party" in Frankfurt, und wer die Parties für "Spring" und "Summer" bereits hinter sich hat, sucht schon so treuwillig seine Toys zusammen um in dem Spielraum vom Stall, die älteste Lederbar in Frankfurt, einen Spielkameraden zu bekommen. Und im zuletzt recht erfolgreichen Cruising-Bereich wusste man schnell wer am besten mit dem Hammer spielen konnte. Bis 26. November muss man allerdings damit warten. Sonst trifft man die FLC'ler entweder im Switchboard jeden ersten Mittwoch im Monat, am Wochenende oft im Stall, Stiftstrasse 22 oder etwas weiter, im Jail's in der Angelstrasse 5-9 in Mannheim-Neckarau, das ist die Kellerbar von M&S Connection

DER LEDERMANN UND DER KUMPEL

Ein aufregendes Wochenende verspricht der Chemnitzer Eagle mit ihrem 2. Oktober-End Party vom 28.-30. Am Freitag ist die sogenannte Quartierszuweisung, gefolgt von der Eröffnungsdisco. Am Samstag bereits ab 11.00 heisst es dann Ausfahrt und Besichtigung der Reiche-Zeche Freiberg. Auf jeden Fall gibt es anschliessend Mittag in der Räuberhütte und was Flüssiges in der Rauberschenke, um 20.00 Uhr ist dann der Eagle-Treff in der CheLSI und mehr. Samstag gegen 12.00 h der Abschlussbrunch. Mehr info über Chemnitzer Eagle, CheLSI, Röslerstrasse 9, 0920. Chemnitz

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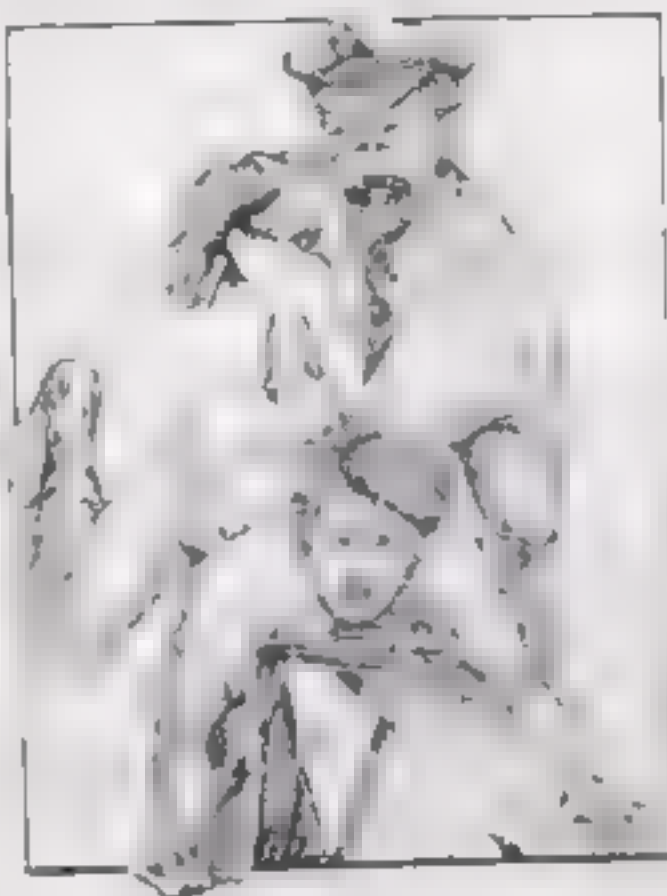
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Ottawa, Ontario, Canada

1

Black & Blue Mega Dance Party IV

Red Hot Club

Red Amphitheater

Montreal, Ontario, Canada

Info: (514) 522-2225

Living in Leather II

NLA International

Toronto, Alberta, CANADA

Info: (416) 863-2444

7-9

Octoberfest III

Golden Gate Garage MC

SF, CA

Info: James @ (415) 625-3863

Web: www.sfmc.org

Mc Air '94

Motorcyclists of New Mexico

MC

Albuquerque, NM

Info: (505) 247-8382

Website: www.nmnmc.org

Annual Uniform Power IV

Chicago Brigade of the American

Uniform Association

Chicago, IL

Info: (312) 342-4256

7-10



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WDC Foundation

Info: (202) 625-4400

or (202) 347-5323 FAX

PO Box 34649, Washington, DC

20043-0646

11

American Brotherhood Weekend

American Leatherman, Cowboy & Leatherman's Contacts

Bumper Garage

Washington, DC

Monday Jan. 1995 @ (800) 465-4329

Info: (703) 531-7407

14-16



IS Association Play Party

Car for location

@ (415) 673-0462

SF, CA

22



A
U
A

Leatherbence

The General

Düsseldorf, Germany

Location: Charlottestr. 85, 40210

Düsseldorf, Germany

Info: +49-211-36401

1

"Tyger Tyger" Club Night for

Piercing/Tattooed Men & Women

Market Tavern

London, England

Location: Market Tower,

1 Nine Elms Lane, London SW8

Night of tattoo and piercing.

4

Leather Night

Hardy Bar

Cologne, Germany

Location: Marktplatz 22

7

CCMC gathering

AGM-SLM Stockholm

Stockholm, Sweden

Info: +46-8-43300

7-9

Black Leather & Black Rubber

The Boots

Antwerp, Belgium

Location: Van Kerkstraat 22

Car for City Tribes

The Black

London, England

Black Leather Night

The Eagle

Stuttgart, Germany

Info: +49-711-640-6403

Piercing & Shaving, SLM Copenhagen

Copenhagen, Denmark

Info: +45-33-320601

8

Get Lost Party

Club Jacques, Amsterdam, Holland

Location: Warmoesstraat 83

Amsterdam, Holland

VSSM Fat Fuck Night

Yagmur

Eindhoven, Holland

Info: +31-40-44-2344

9

Devotion for Models & stars

The Avel

London, England

Info: +44-71-487-0371

10

Leather Night

Brumpton's

London, England

11

Sex 4 Sex

The Barracks (The Avel)

London, England

Info: +44-71-487-0371

Strict dress code here!

13

SLM Weekend Piercing & Shaving

SLM Stockholm

Stockholm, Sweden

Info: +46-8-64-2300

14-15

Reunions Treffen

MSC Wien Max, Wiesbaden, Germany

Info: J. Müller, Eisenstr. 4, 65085, Wiesbaden, Germany

REUNIONEN TREFFEN

Milano, Italy, Info: +39-2-250-0800

MSC 2nd Birthday Party

London, England

Info: +44-81-672-5731

14-16

MC Rurals

Yagmur

Eindhoven, Holland, Info: +31-40-44-2344

Chaps Night

The Boots, Antwerp, Belgium

Location: Van Kerkstraat 22

Car for City Tribes

The Black, London, England

15

8th Freemarket

Leather meeting

Bremen, Germany

Info: J.C.W. Bremen

Friesenstr. 88

28203 Bremen,

Germany

Birthday Leather Weekend

MSC January

Roermond, Holland

Info: +31-40-503-318

21-23

Pigs & Paradise

JMC Fenna

Club Way Hall, Telford, Great

Britain, Austria

Info: +43-222-535-1158

21

Leather Fun Market

SLM Stockholm

Stockholm, Sweden

Info: +46-8-43300

28

MSC Clubnight

Sjinderhans

Roermond, Holland

Location: Swalmstraat 42

Info: +31-40-503-318

29



SO MANY MEN, SO LITTLE TIME

(NOT TO MENTION SPACE)

BY DYRK

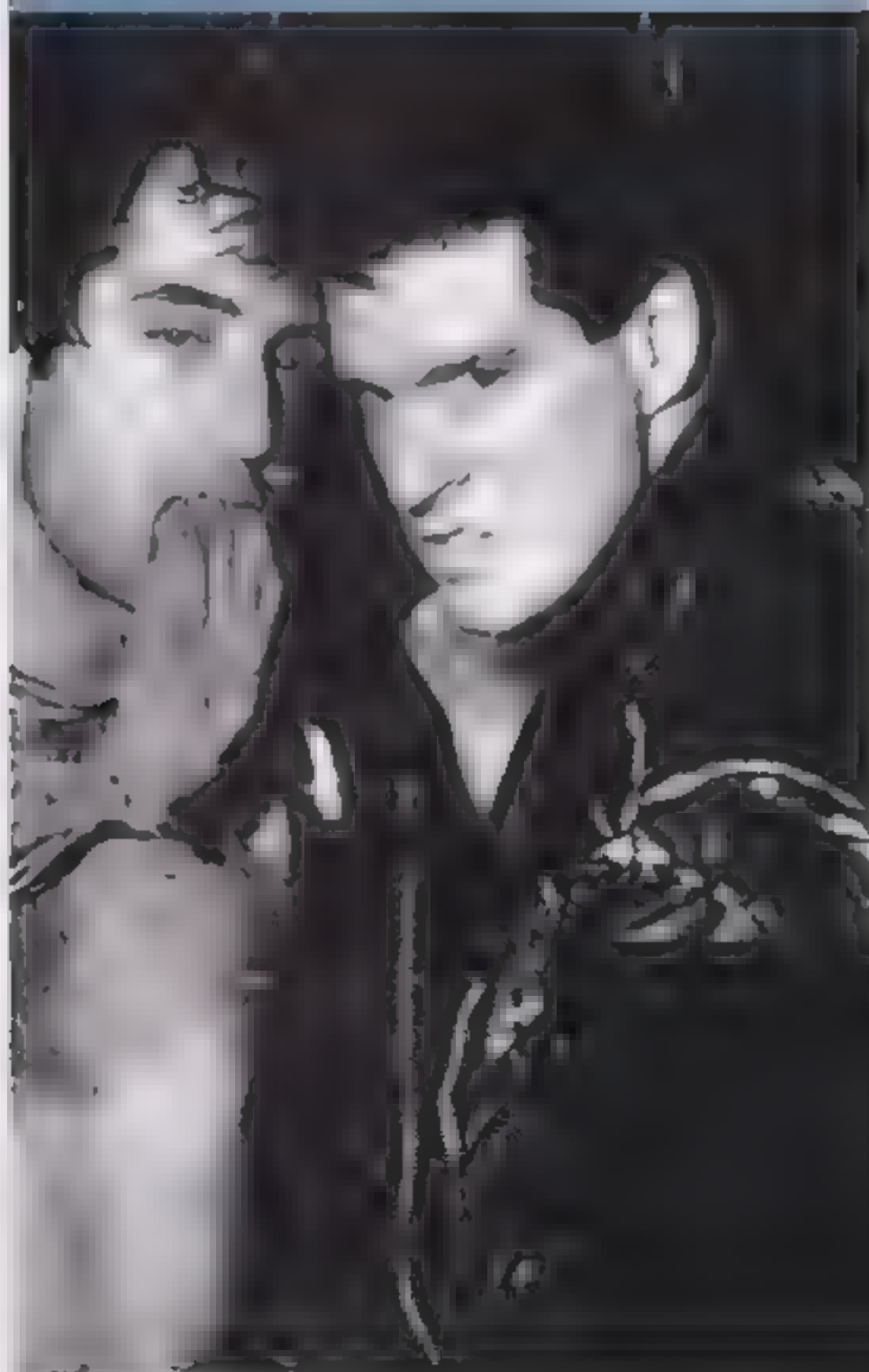
Most of us writers and creative types have egos as big as a barn, and I'm no exception. I would love nothing more than to believe that the huge increase in video and book submissions for review is due to my superior writing abilities and astute commentary. However, I'm afraid I am just a means to a promotional end for some very productive porn producers. So use me already!

Steve Johnson and the men of Close-Up Productions are unstoppable. Two of their latest releases caught my eye and made me hard. As a matter of fact, *Shoot That Cum!* made me do just that—and I have a witness to prove it!

This 75-minute video highlights the very best cum scenes from all the past

Close-Up videos. The men are hot, hung and full of spunk. In addition to seeing more than 80 different "shots," some of the preorgasmic prep scenes and the facial expressions during release are well worth the break in the flow of man juices. I must admit I'm not a big fan of jack-off videos, but this compilation of scenes is so much more than that. It's so good I'm keeping a copy for my personal library.

The other video I've reviewed from Close-Up for this issue is *Roughed Up At The Spike*. Here's the plot basics. Spike bar manager Don Russo likes his deliveries in the front AND the rear (surprise, surprise). Then there is the pool table gang bang, a delivery boy who inspires a JO fantasy, and bathroom sex that ends in a leather-style bitch fight with Russo getting whipped



Drum

while tied to a cross. *Roughed Up At The Spike* also stars Pierce Daniels, Nick Manetti, Danny Sommers, Hank Towers and Dallas Taylor.

To order either one of these videos by credit card call 800-697-9009, or write them at P.O. Box 691658, West Hollywood, CA 90069.



The votes are in for the kinkiest, nastiest and raunchiest video company. And the winner by a landslide is Live Video, Inc. If we weren't located on opposite coasts, I would be at every video shoot volunteering to be a stand-in and fluffer at the drop of anyone's spurs.

Manifesto is a compilation of some previously released J.D. Slater videos—

Guilty, Motorsexual, Confessions and Meat

Highlights from this tape include a cigar-smoking daddy, an orgy, and much more action than one should be allowed to experience in one video sitting.

The other video release I reviewed from Live Video, Inc. is Jack Stone's *Hog Wild*. Geoffrey Spears stars as the raunch boy; Bull Lingham is a hot, muscled stud hiding behind his fly-design Foster Grants (see accompanying photo); and then there is Derek Long who is definitely that. *Hog Wild* also stars Cinch Dunmore and Frank Pitt.

If you are interested in lots, and I mean lots, of vacuum pumps and pissin', then you will join the ranks of many satisfied Live Video customers.

For information about prices and or-

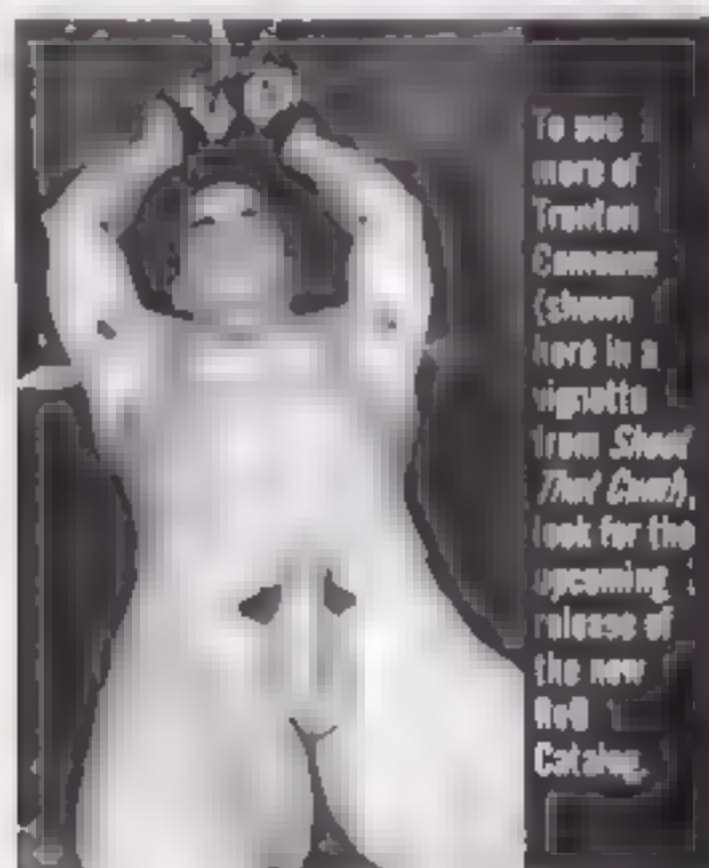
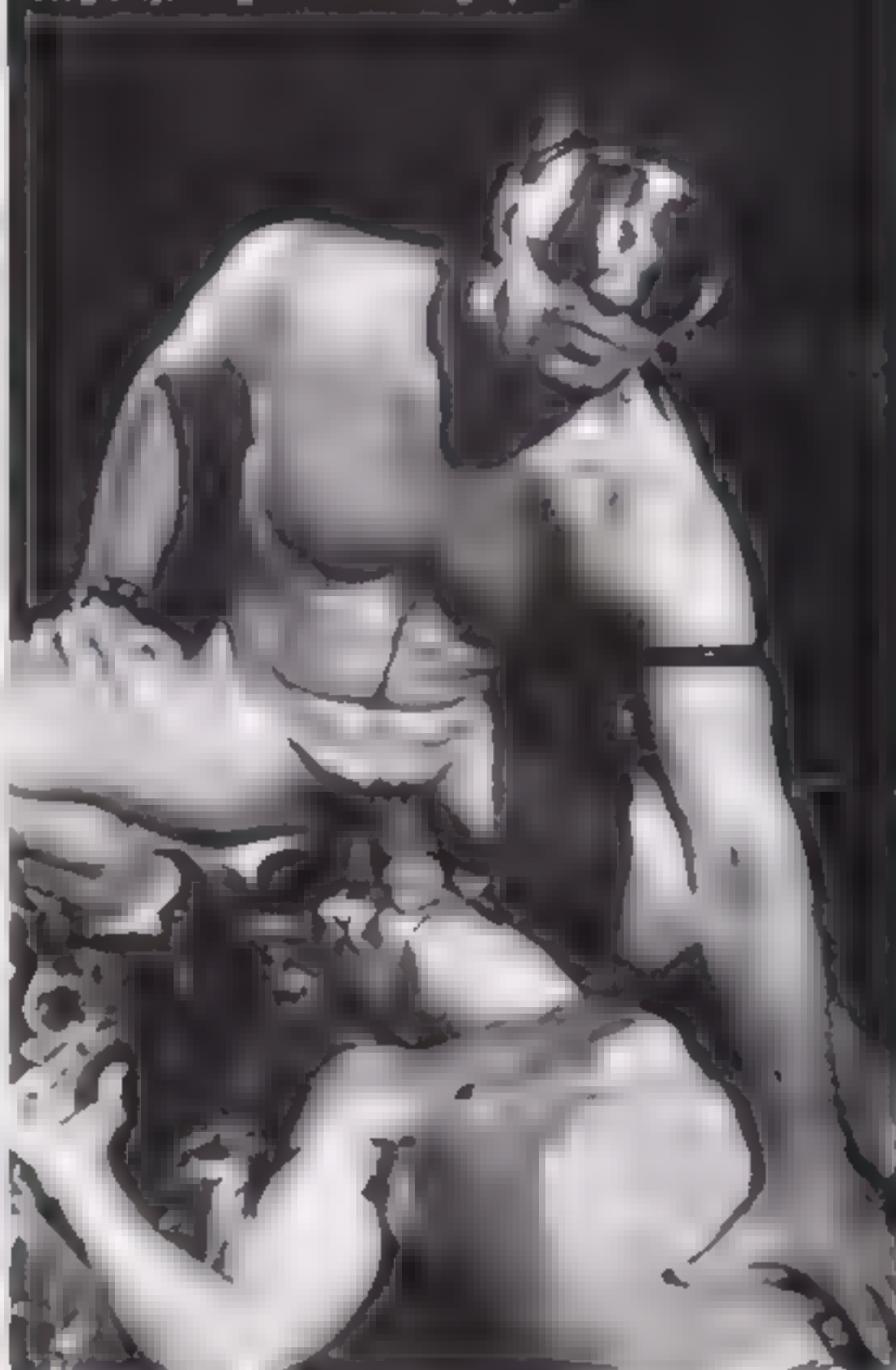
dering, call 212-255-6934 (their toll-free number is valid outside NYC—800-260-7890) or write P.O. Box 1016, Cooper Station, NY, NY 10276.

Th-th-th-that's all folks! Due to our magazine's increased success, our managing editor and art director have given me strict limits. Look for lots more reviews in upcoming issues! ■



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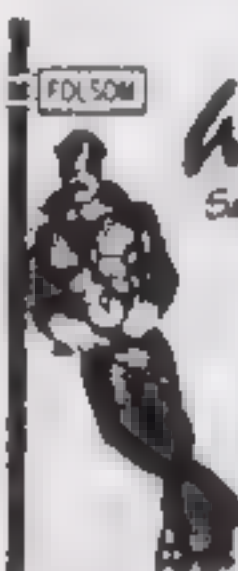
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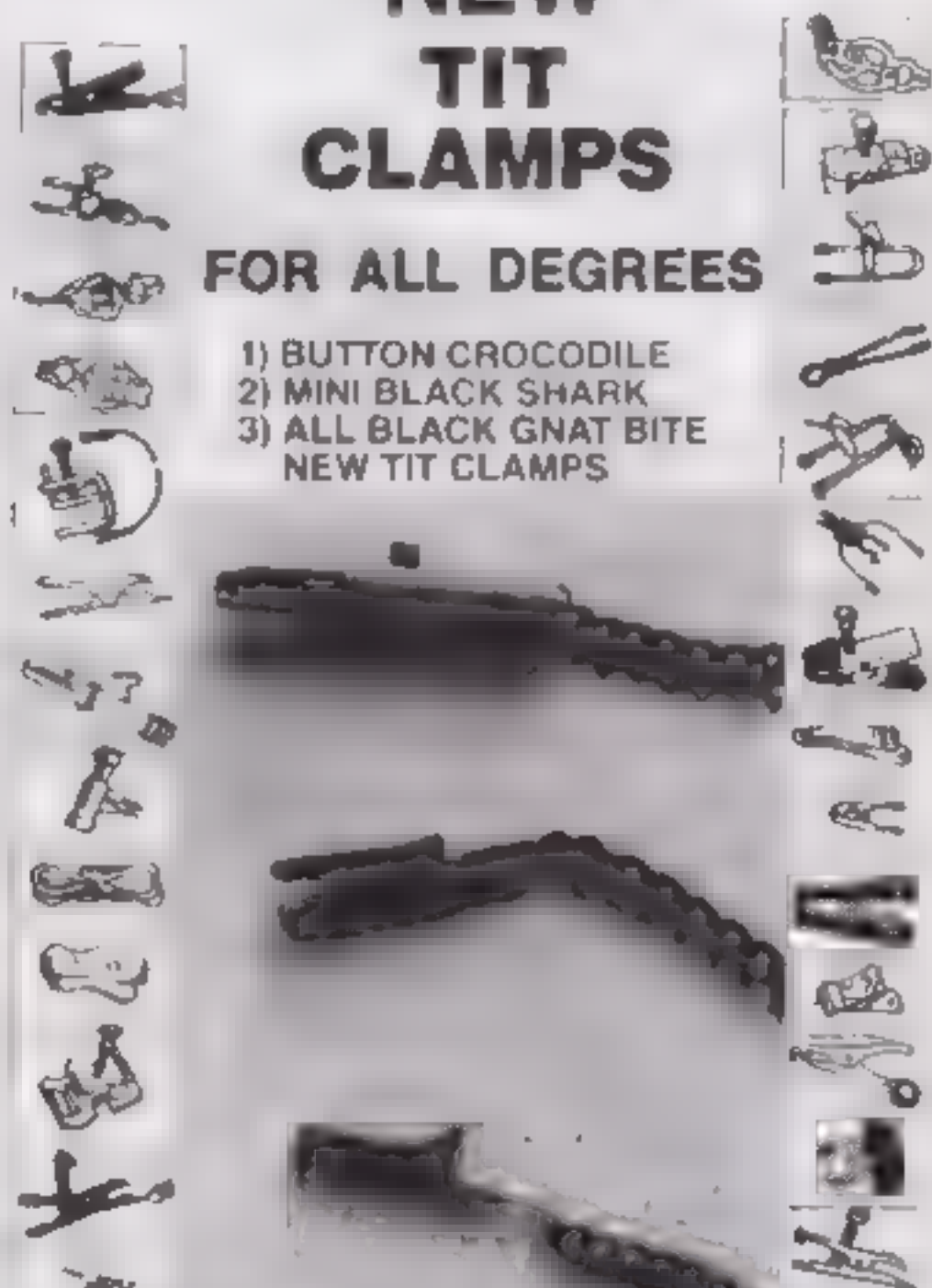
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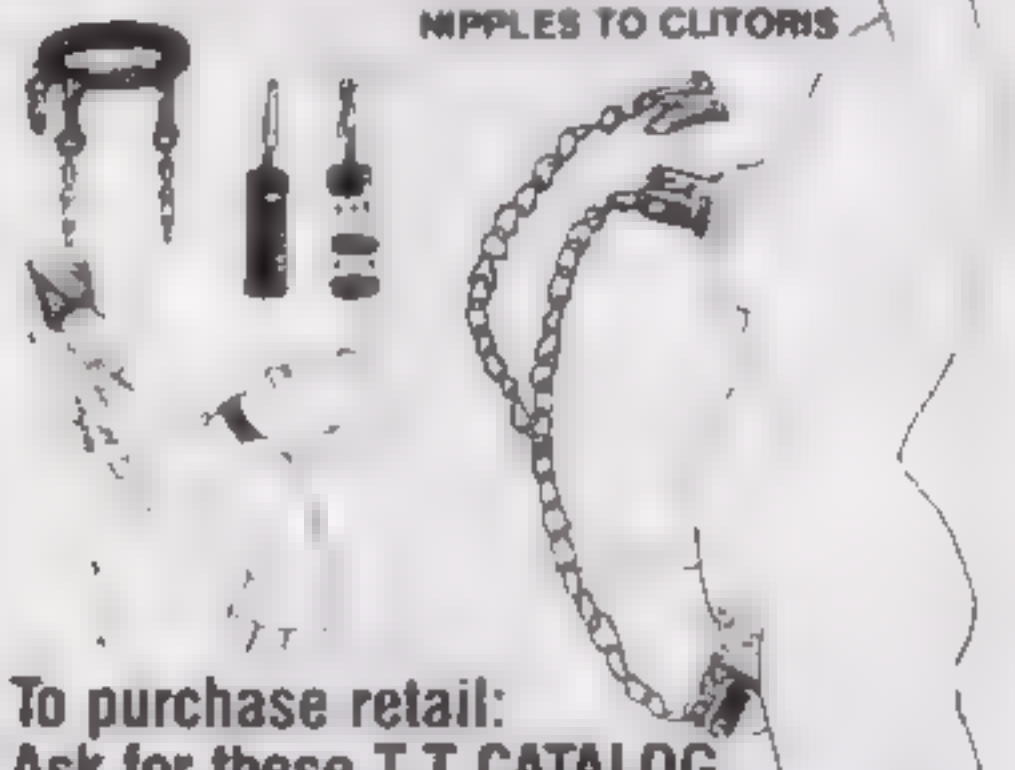
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KÖLN: LEDER AM RHEIN

COLOGNE: LEATHER ON THE RHINE

by Thomas Schwartz / photos by Tom Kvaale

When approaching Cologne—or Köln, as the Germans call their 2,000-year-old city by the Rhine—what you will notice first is the Rhine River, the eight bridges crossing it, and the large cathedral (*Dom*) located in Cologne's center. For a bird's-eye view of the city, climb all 509 steps to the tower of this landmark, built in 1248.

Cologne has approximately one million inhabitants and one of the largest gay communities in Germany. A German magazine recently crowned Cologne as *Die Hauptstadt der Schwulen*—the Gay Capital of Germany.

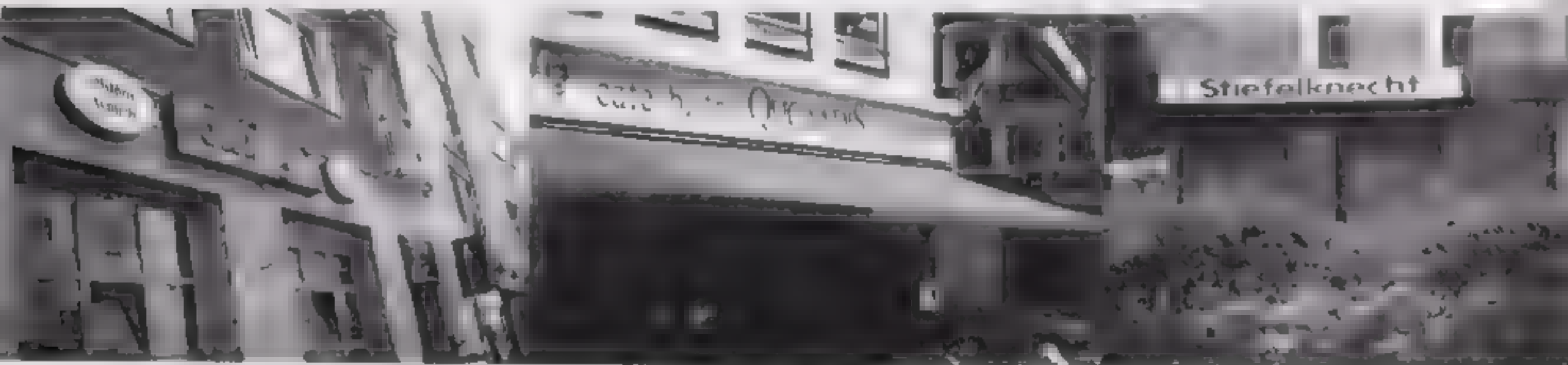
One of Cologne's major annual events is Mardi Gras, a

COFFEE SHOPS

Close to **Checkpoint** you will find Cologne's most popular gay coffee shop, the **Quo Vadis** (Vor St. Martin). This comfortable coffee shop is equipped with rather ancient furniture, and the crowd is mostly young. Several gay groups, like the gay political group **SVD** (Schwulenverband Deutschland, Thieboldsgasse 79) also meet here.

GAY BARS

Most guides list between 50 and 75 gay bars in Cologne, and many of them are specialized in one way or another.



CHAINS LEATHERBAR

QUO VADIS

STIEFELKNECHT LEATHERBAR

week-long celebration at the end of February/beginning of March that typically attracts some one million spectators. The accompanying Rose Monday Parade runs for five to six hours in downtown Cologne, and Cologne's gays and lesbians meet in an area close to the gay bars in order to view the procession of the Carnival Prince and his escorts, a Peasant and a Virgin (The Virgin, of course, is male.) Most gay bars have special parties and shows during this "fifth" season of the year.

GAY INFO-CENTERS

Your first stop in Cologne should be **Checkpoint** (Pipinstrasse 7), a gay tourist-information center. Tickets for special events are also on sale here. Make sure to pick up all the free leaflets, including *First*, the major gay newspaper. It contains advertisements from local gay establishments and a rather good calendar of events. Ask for the free Köln Gay Map here as well. If it is not out of print, which it often is, the map is a good guide to Cologne's old, crooked streets.

Some cater to a younger crowd, others are frequented by the "Muesli Generation" (members of the Green Party and others interested in "alternate" lifestyles), and still others are for leathersmen. Several are neighborhood "pubs" where you can stop for a *Kölsch* (the local top-fermented beer) before moving on to the more active bar scene.

A number of important gay bars are located in outlying sections of the city, but you will usually find between three and five bars wherever you go. If you plan your itinerary a bit in advance, you can do what most *Kölner* (the men of Cologne) do—walk from one bar to another. This also makes street cruising rather interesting; later in the evening some of the main gay areas are packed with men strolling from one bar to another.

ALTERNATE

THE OLDTOWN CENTER

Cologne's most interesting gay bars are located close to the oldest part of the city, the *Altstadt*. A great place to start is

Teddy Treff (Stephanstrasse 1). It is a good-time bar with a rather mixed crowd, and the friendly bartenders are nice to look at in their wonderful tight pants. At TT's, as the locals call it, you will find a few leathermen waiting for the leather bars in the area to get packed, but the crowd is mostly a young one that comes to enjoy the music, a combination of oldies, disco and local German songs. TT's "happy music" fits perfectly with the bar's motto: "Where men come to have fun." You can go to **Teddy Treff** rather early; by 10:30 in the evening it usually starts to get full

THE LEATHER BARS

Across from **Teddy Treff** is **Chains** (Stephanstrasse 4), one of Cologne's best leather bars, but walk around the corner first and check out **Zipp's** (Hohe Pforte 13) before getting down to real business. **Zipp's** crowd is also rather mixed, but includes mostly leather and jeans. It is a nice place to stop for a couple of beers, especially if the other bars in the area are too crowded. You might even find your leatherman for the night here. **Zipp's** changed management recently and has been fully accepted by Cologne's leather community

By now you should be ready to walk back across the street and join the leathermen in **Chains**. None of the bars in Cologne has a cover, but a DM 5 "minimum" is in force on weekends at **Chains**, which means that you must buy two drinks before leaving. As in most bars in this beer-drinking city, mineral water is more expensive than beer

Chains has a small bar on the first floor, or walk downstairs to the cellar, which is usually packed with leathermen by 11:30 on weekend evenings. Decorated, as you might expect, with chains, the bar also features a small darkroom, which is cruisy on weekends. There, you'll have an opportunity to confirm that most German men really are uncut

On Sundays the Black Sunday Leather Disco starts at 3:00 p.m. in **Chains'** cellar. This is where leathermen show that real men can dance, but on the other days the music is moder-

ate, and no dancing takes place

After about a three-minute walk from **Chains**, you will reach **Hands** (Mathiasstrasse 22) unless you get involved in a meeting on the way. The streets of Cologne are rather safe; so you should have no problem walking in full leather from one bar to another. Especially on weekends, you will see many men doing just that. (You won't find a place to park a car in the area, anyway.)

Hands is located at one of the former sites of **Platzjabbeck**, one of Germany's first and most famous leather bars. **Hands** is rather large and usually gets full just before midnight. Many men find time to look behind "The Wall," where an active backroom is located. The staff of **Hands** are not

always as friendly as you might expect, but the leathermen and the behind-the-wall activities are usually enough to make you forget about that. **Hands** seems to be the best place for cruising if you are into leather, uniforms, and rubber. The men of **Köln Oliv** (Cologne's uniformmen) and other groups also meet regularly at **Hands**

By 1:00 (or, better, 2:00) in the morning, you should be ready to walk to **Stiefelknecht** (Pipinstrasse 9), the third leather bar in the

Altstadt area. In summer, you will see crowds of leathermen standing outside the bar, as this place sometimes gets really full. Interesting confrontations with the queens, TVs, and female impersonators from the adjacent **Timp** bar occur, but mostly in the tolerant and funny way that is typical of Cologne. Even the upper-class **Maritim** Hotel, located just across the street, does not seem to bother about its special neighbor (anymore)

If the man you need is nowhere to be found at **Zipp's**, **Chains**, or **Hands**, you will definitely find him after hours at **Stiefelknecht**. The bar is divided into three sections, if you include the basement, which consists mainly of washrooms (but they are usually worth a visit, too). In the early morning hours you should also look around upstairs, where a bit more than cruising takes place.



TEDDY TREFF

WHERE TO GO: A guide to Cologne's bars, bookstores, and other areas of interest to "Leather Tourists."

BARS

Chains, Stephanstrasse 4 [Leather]
Corner, Schaafenstrasse 57-69
Hands, Mathiasstrasse 22 [Leather]
Park, Mauritiuswall 84
Römerstuben, Mühlenbach 53
Station, Alter Markt 4-6
Stiefelknecht, Pipinstrasse 9 [Leather]
Teddy Treff, Stephanstrasse 1
Zipp's, Hohe Pforte 13-17 [Leather]

BATHS AND SAUNAS

Badehaus am Römerturm,
Friesenstrasse 22
Faun, Handelstrasse 31
Phoenix, Kettengasse 22
Sauna 30, Mühlenbach 30
Vulcano, Marienplatz 3-5

HOTELS

These hotels are all close to the gay areas of Cologne and are moderately priced (i.e., rates range between DM 80 and DM 120 per night). Currently, one Deutschmark is worth about U.S. \$0.65

Ahl Meerkatzen, Mathiasstrasse 21
Germania, Grosse Sandkaul 24-26
Hubertushof, Mühlenbach 30
Timp, Heumarkt 25

RESTAURANTS SERVING LOCAL FOOD

Brennerei Weiss, Hahnenstrasse 22
(Cologne's only gay-owned and -operated restaurant)
Früh am Dom, Am Hof 12-14
Malzmühle, Heumarkt 6
Sion, Unter Taschenmacher 5

DISCOS

Gloria, Apostelnstrasse 11
Lulu, Hohenzollernring 6
Schulz, Kartäuserwall 18
Station, Alter Markt 4-6

BOOKSTORES

Gay Sex Messe, Mathiasstrasse 13
[Pornography]
Lavendelschwert, Bayardsgasse 3
[Gay books only, no adult titles]
Sex Messe, Breite Strasse 153
[Pornography]
Sex- und Gay-Shop, Pfeilstrasse 10
[Pornography]

LEATHER, TOYS AND GEAR, PIERCING, AND MORE

Man Shop, Mathiasstrasse 9
Secrets, Marienplatz 1
Condomi (Limbinger Strasse 22)
(a large selection of rubbers in all kinds of sizes, colors and styles)

KÖLN CALENDAR

End of February/Early March, Carnival in Cologne. The first "special event" of the year is Cologne's Mardi Gras, a week of leather, uniform, drag and more. Gay parties at all bars, especially on the "wild Thursday" before the Rose Monday Parade. Cologne's **Panther Club** also hosts a major costume party on the Saturday before the parade.

End of June/Early July, Christopher Street Day. This year more than 40,000 gay men and lesbians from all over Germany came to Cologne for the largest CSD event ever.

End of August: Leather by the Rhine. Organized by Cologne's **Panther Club**, this is one of the largest annual leather meetings in Germany. It includes a large disco, party, and brunch. Last year it was held in an old railway depot (cruising in the train!), and some thousand men attended in uniforms, rubber and leather.

September: Annual riverboat party on the Rhine, the **Wirte der Altstadt Bars**, hosted by the bartenders of several of Cologne's **Altstadt** gay bars.

GETTING THERE

Cologne is very close to Paris (four hours by train), Amsterdam (three hours by train/car), and London (one hour by plane). If you need travel assistance, you should contact one of the gay-friendly travel agencies, such as Teddy Travel (Mathiasstrasse 4), Reiseservice im Bazaar (Mittelstrasse 12), or Air Sea (Lungengasse 31).

For those on a tight budget, the best way to reach Cologne is probably by train via Frankfurt (a two-hour ride, around DM 55) or Düsseldorf (less than one hour from Cologne, around DM 15). Most American charter companies prefer these airports. Trains run frequently to several stops in downtown Cologne, but you should take care to get off at Köln-Hbf (Hauptbahnhof), the main station. If you are planning to travel on a Eurail Pass, be sure to get your pass before you leave home. You can then use your pass for the train into Cologne.

From Cologne's airport, the **Flughafenbus** (public airport bus) costs about DM 7—much cheaper than a taxi (approximately DM 30).

Most of Cologne's attractions are accessible by foot or by the KVB, the public-transportation system (a combination of streetcar, subway and buses). Weekly passes and tickets are available from the KVB's main office at Neumarkt 25. Tickets are also sold in vending machines in buses and trains, but tourists often find the system a bit complicated, advance purchase is recommended.

Tourist information is available from the gay tourist-information center Checkpoint at Pipinstrasse 7 or the city tourist office, Verkehrsamt der Stadt Köln, located across from the main entrance of the Dom. (Postal address: Unter Fetenhennen 19, 50667 Köln, Fax: 011 49.221.221 3320.)

THE GAY TRIANGLE

In the area around Rudolfsplatz are three neighborhood bars that attract a younger crowd: **Corner**, **Park**, and **Champanja** (all on Mauritiuswall). The first two tend largely to attract the better-looking among us; followers of the Green Party (or, at least, those who are into alternative politics) gather in the latter. The bartenders at **Corner** celebrated one of the first (not legally sanctioned) gay marriages in Germany a couple of years ago. You will find this happy couple still behind the bar. A nice crowd meets here; **Corner** features nightly specials and happy-hour beer prices.

New in this area is **Janus** (Schaafenstrasse 51), a bistro-bar for the gay sportsmen of Cologne and their friends (many *Kölner* are avid soccer, bicycling, and aerobics fans).

SAUNAS AND BATHHOUSES

There are five gay baths in Cologne. The most popular is definitely **Sauna 30** (Mühlenbach 30), located close to **Hands**. You will find a lot of cruising and activity here. (It's the place to go if you want to relax *all* your muscles!)

The sauna **Vulcano** (Marienplatz 3-5) is mostly for the more mature crowd. If you're looking for a Daddy, you might find him here. **Cologne Jacks** also meets here on every third

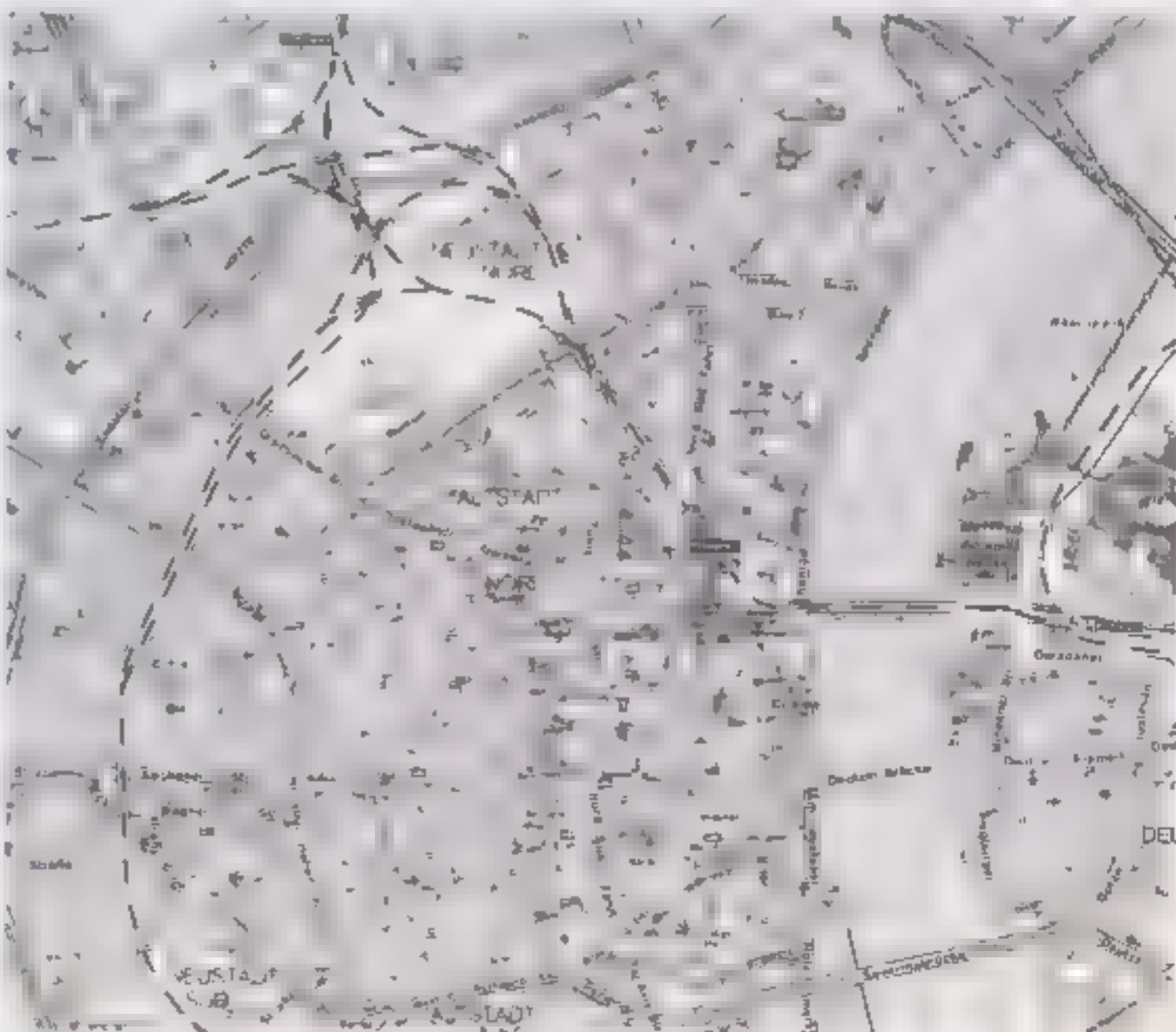


Friday of the month to get their juices flowing.

A younger crowd is more likely to be found at **Badehaus am Römerturm** (Friesenstrasse 22), the most expensive bathhouse in Cologne. It is an elegant, well-appointed sauna, but without a lot of action. Other saunas in Cologne are **Phoenix** (Kettengasse 27) and **Faun** (Handelstrasse 31), both with mostly a young crowd.

ADULT BOOKSTORES

The **Gay Sex Messe** (Mathiasstrasse 13, only don't go to the other sex shop on this same block) and **Sex Messe** (Breite Strasse 153) are owned by the same company and have a wide selection of European and American magazines and books. You might also be able to pick up the recent issue of *Drummer* here. They also have a large video selection, but you will not be able to play back European videotapes without a special VCR. They are all recorded in the PAL standard and



are incompatible with American machines. In both shops you can preview movies in the upstairs cinemas or in the back of the stores. Businessmen hungry for more than a sandwich sometimes spend their lunch breaks here

LEATHER AND PIERCING

Secrets (Marienplatz 1), a leather store close to **Chains**, boasts a wide selection of leather gear. If you need to pierce your tits or anything else you can have it professionally done there. Leather and equipment are also available at **Man Shop** (Mathiasstrasse 9). The traditional biker gets his stuff at the **Hein Gericke Speedware-Shop** (Bonner Strasse 73).

GAY GROUPS

The **Schwulen- und Lesbenzentrum (SchuLZ)** on Kartäuserwall 18 is a meeting place for many of Cologne's gay groups. Here you will find everything from coming-out groups to the **MCC Church Cologne**. It is also a meeting place for Cologne's leathermen and a group for men who want to learn how to dance. The center features a cafeteria, bar and disco.

UNIFORM CLUBS

Köln Oliv, Cologne's uniform club, meets the first Friday of every month at **Hands**. Until recently, men in uniform (mostly German military Bundeswehr, but also police and even some German members of the American Uniform Association) met at **Station** (Alter Markt 4) for monthly SM-action parties, but the parties have been temporarily moved to **Hands**. If you want to see a German "soldier" with his pants down, this is the place. Safe sexual activity is encouraged.

Other groups, including the **Cologne LSMA** (Leder und SM-Aktionsfreunde—literally, "leather and SM-action friends"), the Spanking Group, Flag and FF (two fist-fucking associations), and others are expected to move soon from **Station** to another location. For locations and details, write Köln-Oliv and LSMA at Box 290341 50525 Köln or check *First*'s calendar of events. NB: Most events have a strict dress code.

PANTHER LEATHER CLUB

The **Panther Club** is one of the most active leathermen's groups in Cologne. They organize many special events and are also actively involved in challenging right-wing political parties, fighting against AIDS, and supporting other major causes. You can reach the Panthers at Box 190325, 50500 Köln.



THE RHINE, MUSEUMS, FOOD AND OTHER TOURIST ATTRACTIONS

Take a walk along the Rhine, visit one of the riverside beer gardens, and, if you are up to it, buy a ticket for a riverboat ride. Each September, the



bartenders of several of the gay bars in Cologne's **Altstadt** get together to host the **Altstadt-Wirte** riverboat party.

You should, of course, visit the Dom. The center of the city is here and, wherever you go, the Dom's twin towers will help you find your way back again. Close to the Dom, you will also see one of Cologne's most interesting museums, the Roman-Germanic Museum. An ancient Roman road runs along one side of the museum. In several places around the city, in fact, you can find other traces of the Roman occupation excellently preserved in churches, monuments, mosaics, and the towers of the old Roman wall.

The entire spectrum of the world of painting is on display in the Wallraff-Richartz and Ludwig Museums, located between the Dom and the Rhine. Cologne's new concert hall, the Philharmonie, is also located here, and the opera, Das Opernhaus, is also not far away.

There are a number of breweries in Cologne where Kolsch, the popular local beer, is made. Downtown you could try **Sion** (Unter Taschenmacher 5), **Malzmühle** (Heumarkt 6), or the very gay-friendly **Brennerei Weiss** (Hahnenstrasse 22, close to Rudolfplatz). Most of them also serve typical German food. If you are as interested in beer-making as you are in beer-drinking, the Verkehrsamt offers an official brewery tour.

If you want something other than German food, however, Greek gyros, Turkish kebab, and Italian lasagna are all available in Cologne, in some cases

you can enjoy Italian fare even cheaper than in Italy. You will also notice a lot of Turks, Greeks, and Italians (black mustaches!) in Cologne.

For a walk on the sweeter side of life, check out the city's own Chocolate Museum (Rheinuhafen 1a), with its 13-foot-tall fountain filled with 400 pounds of liquid chocolate.

Information concerning brewery tours and other tourist itineraries is available from the city's Tourist Office, the Verkehrsamt, located just across from the main entrance of the Dom.

A bit farther away from downtown you might visit one of Cologne's many parks, some of them with beer gardens and others with interesting gay cruising areas. The main cruising park, by the way, is Aachener Weiher, located between Universität/Linden and Richard Wagner Strasse. The park is active day and night, but is most cruisy after midnight. You should be careful here, as some bashings have taken place. The police will hardly bother you, however; they are usually rather friendly and check out this place mostly to protect the gays.

A bit out of town you can cruise along the Rhine at Cranachwäldchen (Area Hafen Niehl, summer only) or at Autobahn rest stop A-57 (close to the Worringen exit). ■

Info: Köln Oliv, PF 290341 50525 Köln; Info Tel. (02 2) 234451



KÖLN OLIV

Drugs

SAFETY BELTS

by Dr. Tony Scarsella

"Sure, I like to party," one of my friends recently told me. "Who doesn't? Give me a drink or two, a joint, and a bottle of poppers any time. When it comes to a serious scene, nothing's better than some coke, ecstasy, or crystal

meth."

Drugs and leathersex. To many men, the two always go together. They don't want to have sex, even a casual weeknight encounter, without first getting high. On a Friday or Saturday night when it's time for some serious play, they're likely to take three or four drugs in the course of an evening, which may last until the next morning.

"I never dreamed sex could be so hot," my friend has told me. "After getting high, my buddies and I do things that most other men can't even imagine or are afraid to try."

To other leathermen, drugs and sex are a bad mix. They have given up some—or all—drugs when they go out to a bar or get into a scene.

Recreational drugs, these men report, have damaged their friendships, ruined their relationships with lovers, wrecked their jobs, or impaired their health, and sometimes all of the above. "Clean and

going to lecture grown men about drug use. Instead, I will give you some information about recreational drugs—why gay men like to take these substances and some of the risks associated with drug use. Then I will discuss some ways that the men who use drugs can minimize the risk.

With this knowledge, you can make your own informed decisions. After all, nobody but you can take responsibility for your health and well-being.

WHY ARE DRUGS SO POPULAR?

Many gay men take drugs or have a drink because it feels good. Alcohol, one of the two legal recreational drugs, makes people feel more relaxed and social. Marijuana relaxes people as well, distorts their sense of time, and usually increases sensory perceptions. Poppers give users a pleasurable rush and loosen the muscles in the groin and buttocks area, thereby giving the genitals a pleasurable warmth and relaxing the anal sphincter muscle for ass play.

But leathermen aren't your typical gay men. They usually have other compelling reasons for taking drugs besides feeling good and gaining heightened erotic sensations.

Some men use drugs to lessen, not enhance, physical sensations and to alter their perceptions of pain and discomfort. Smoke a lot of marijuana, to name one of the tamer drugs for leathersex, and you may not mind getting your ass paddled as much, assuming that you like the idea of ass paddling more than the actual sensation. Snort some coke, and that

piercing needle may not look as intimidating, or you may be finally ready for marking or cutting scenes. Put some of that coke up your butt, and you can take that oversized dildo or fist much easier than before.

Of course, the butt-hungry drug user has also anesthetized his anal nerve endings with the coke. So he doesn't really feel that dildo or fist as intensely as a clean-and-sober bottom.

Other men who are into leather and fetish sex use drugs to

disinhibit themselves. In other words, these men go several steps beyond the mild relaxation that comes from a drink or a toke, and they get really high in order to discard their everyday personality and behavior. Only through this drug-induced disinhibition can some men act out the SM behavior that otherwise they would only fantasize about. Swallow a hallucinogen like LSD, and you can really get into a father/son scene. Snort some crystal meth, and the man who worries about having the perfect body and tan 24 hours a day may suddenly beg a buddy to beat

A BLAST FROM THE PAST OR HIGH TECH RISK?

sober" sex may not last as long, they tell me, but it's "better, more real, more controlled than when you're loaded."

So, who's right about drugs?

As a physician, I want all gay men to stop using recreational drugs. They'd live longer, healthier, and probably happier lives. What's more, all recreational drugs, except for alcohol and tobacco, are illegal in this country. But the decision about sex and drugs is something for you, the Drummer reader, to reach for yourself. I'm not your parents. I'm not

These are the professional viewpoints of Dr. Tony Scarsella, a physician at Pacific Oaks Medical Group in Sherman Oaks, California.

his chest black and blue

When leathermen start the evening with drugs to disinhibit themselves, they often run into a problem an hour or two later: They start thinking, "If a little marijuana, coke, or crystal was that good, then a few more hits, snorts, or lines will be really great."

Or they start to mix several drugs in a short period of time. The user becomes particularly disinhibited (the everyday term is "really fucked-up") with certain drug combinations, such as mixing a speed like crystal meth, which really revs you up, with downers like Seconal, Nembutal, even alcohol in large amounts, or speed with sedative hypnotics like Valium.

As the disinhibited drug-user discards more and more of his usual personality and behavior, plus concern for his partner's or partners' well-being, he can really run into trouble. That can take several forms.

SOME RISKS OF DRUG-TAKING

Unsafe sex is the most serious consequence of drug use. Get high, and the man who would never dream, when he's sober, of getting fucked without his partner wearing a condom may say, "Well, just this once. . ." Unfortunately, it takes only once to become infected with HIV.

But unsafe sex doesn't stop with the danger of HIV transmission. Go too high and piggy, and you may catch some nasty diseases like hepatitis and amoebae. Sure, these infections usually aren't life-threatening like HIV. But they are no fun either and can damage your immune system if you are HIV-positive.

Getting really high can also result in you or your buddy getting injured accidentally. Take too much Special-K, and he may not be able to dislodge that "I-can't-believe-I-took-the-whole-thing" dildo from your butt. Next stop: the emergency room.

On drugs, you may also expose yourself to real-life physical harm by walking alone down a street where gay-bashings have occurred, cruising a dimly-lit park at night, or having sex in a dangerous alley near a bar. With your usual sensitivity to warning signals dulled, you may also pick up somebody who not only looks like rough trade, but also is rough trade. Unfortunately, most leathermen know of somebody who has been robbed, beaten up, or murdered, partly because he got high and let his guard down.

Last but not least, drug users run the risk of arrest and legal problems. You're really asking for trouble if you get high and drive. This is not the right way to meet a hot cop in a uniform. If that's your scene, do it with a like-minded uniform buddy in your own home or at a play party.

MINIMIZING THE RISK

With this information, some leathermen may think twice about getting high as often as they have in the past. Or they may give up drugs entirely.

But many men who are into leather and fetish sex still believe that the pleasures of drugs outweigh the risks. That's their choice. Some leathermen

claim that they can reduce those risks by following certain standards.

If they're headed out to the bars or a club, they first promise themselves to leave their car keys at home. They plan to take a taxi or rely on a clean-and-sober friend as the designated driver. Then, they have a conversation with themselves and decide how high they will get that night. They don't go beyond their own self-imposed limits. That, they report, takes willpower and practice.

If these leathermen invite a fuck buddy over to their place, the two men decide beforehand what drugs they will take, and how much. They always negotiate this issue ahead of time, when they are sober, and carefully set limits, just like they may decide beforehand what kind of scenes they will get into that night.

If they don't establish some drug limits ahead of time, these men report, they may take far more than they intended as the night progresses. For many men, snorting two lines of coke or crystal leads to another two lines, to another two lines, and so on. Before they know, it's 11:00 a.m. the next morning, and they've probably engaged in some unsafe sex.

Experienced leathermen also say that they never buy drugs from a stranger. "This is common sense but vitally important," one man tells me. "Most users can't determine the strength of a particular drug without ingesting it. Often, the dealer you know has sampled the merchandise and can vouch for its degree of potency. Buying from a stranger, you might get a much greater-than-usual dose, and be headed for a bad trip."

Likewise, most users can't really tell what that white powder is, or what's in that spray can. The so-called "really dynamite coke" sold by a stranger you'll never see again could be cut with an anesthetic. The can of spray "that's just as good as ethyl" could really be a dangerous gas propellant that might damage your lung tissue and cause heart problems.

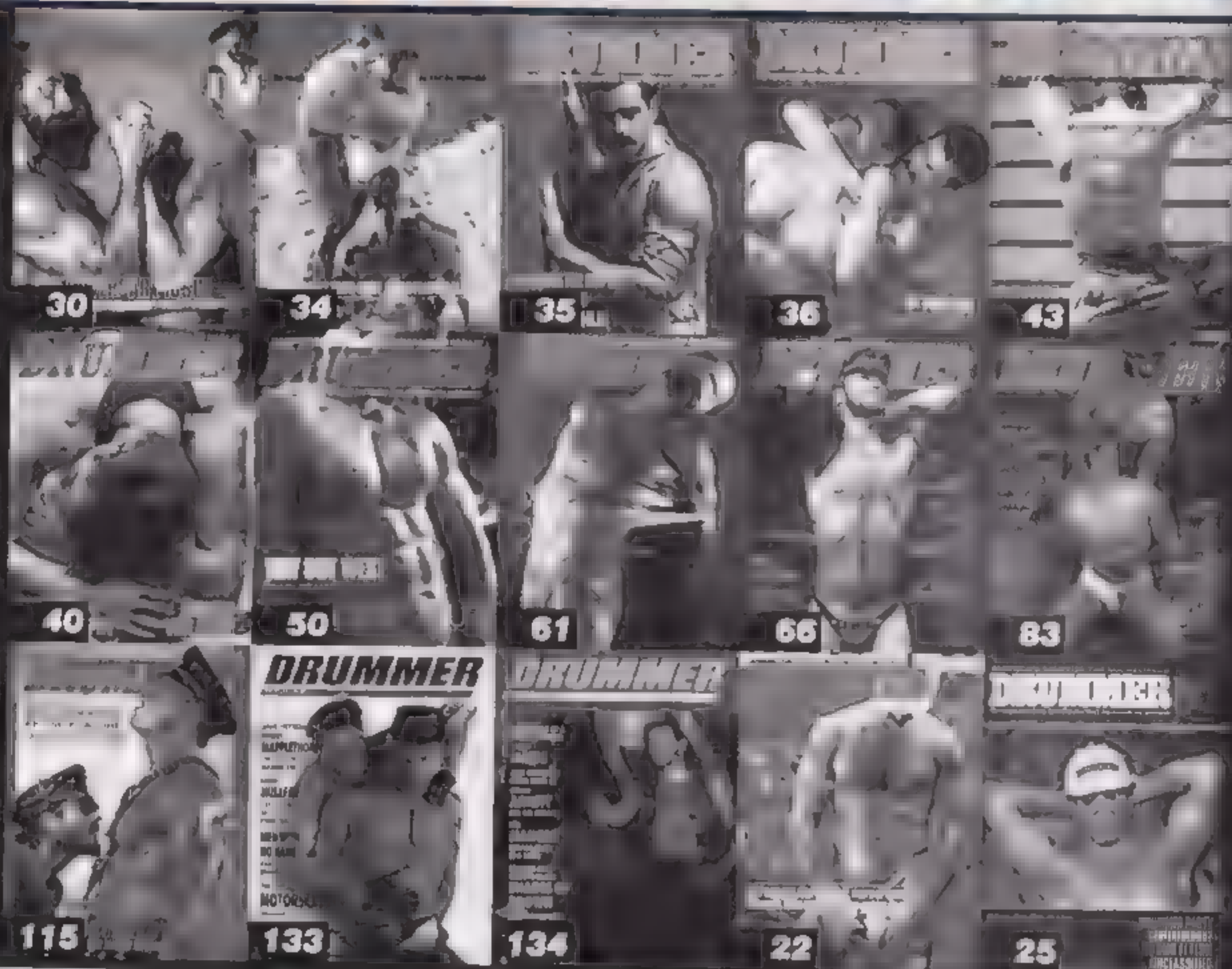
Finally, experienced leathermen report that they don't get high with a stranger any more than they would get into an intense scene with a man they've just met. They try to know more than his first name and what he looks like. They ask around at the bar, if that's where they are. They try to find out if the guy is crazy or becomes inappropriately abusive on drugs. Fortunately, most leather communities are like a tribe. They usually know each other reasonably well, and look out for each other.

But remember, only you can really look out for yourself. That applies to leather sex scenes, and it applies to drug use as well.

If you can enjoy leather or fetish sex without getting high, that's the best scene of all, the only one that I recommend. If you're going to use drugs, do your homework ahead of time and recognize the risks. Above all, play safely. ■



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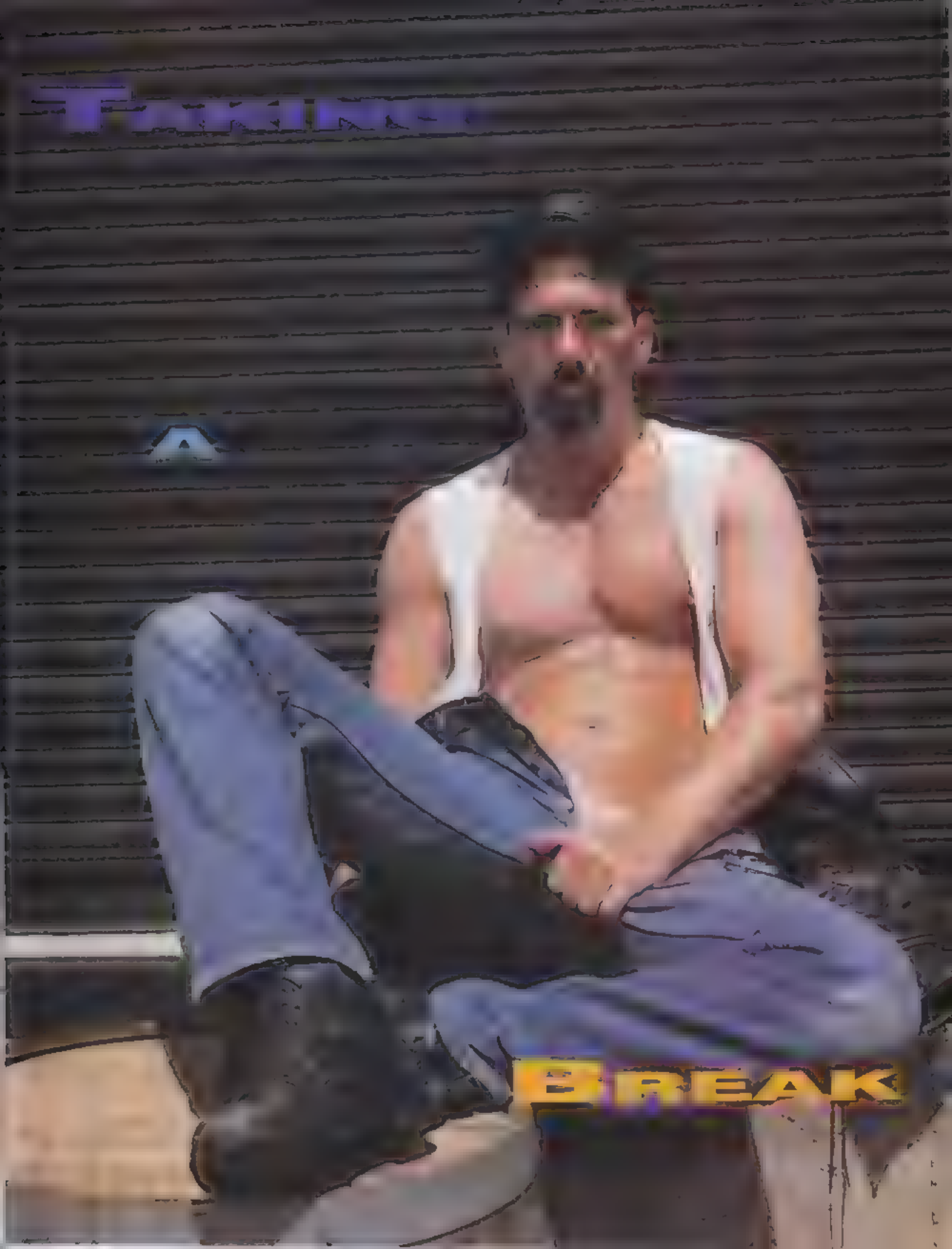
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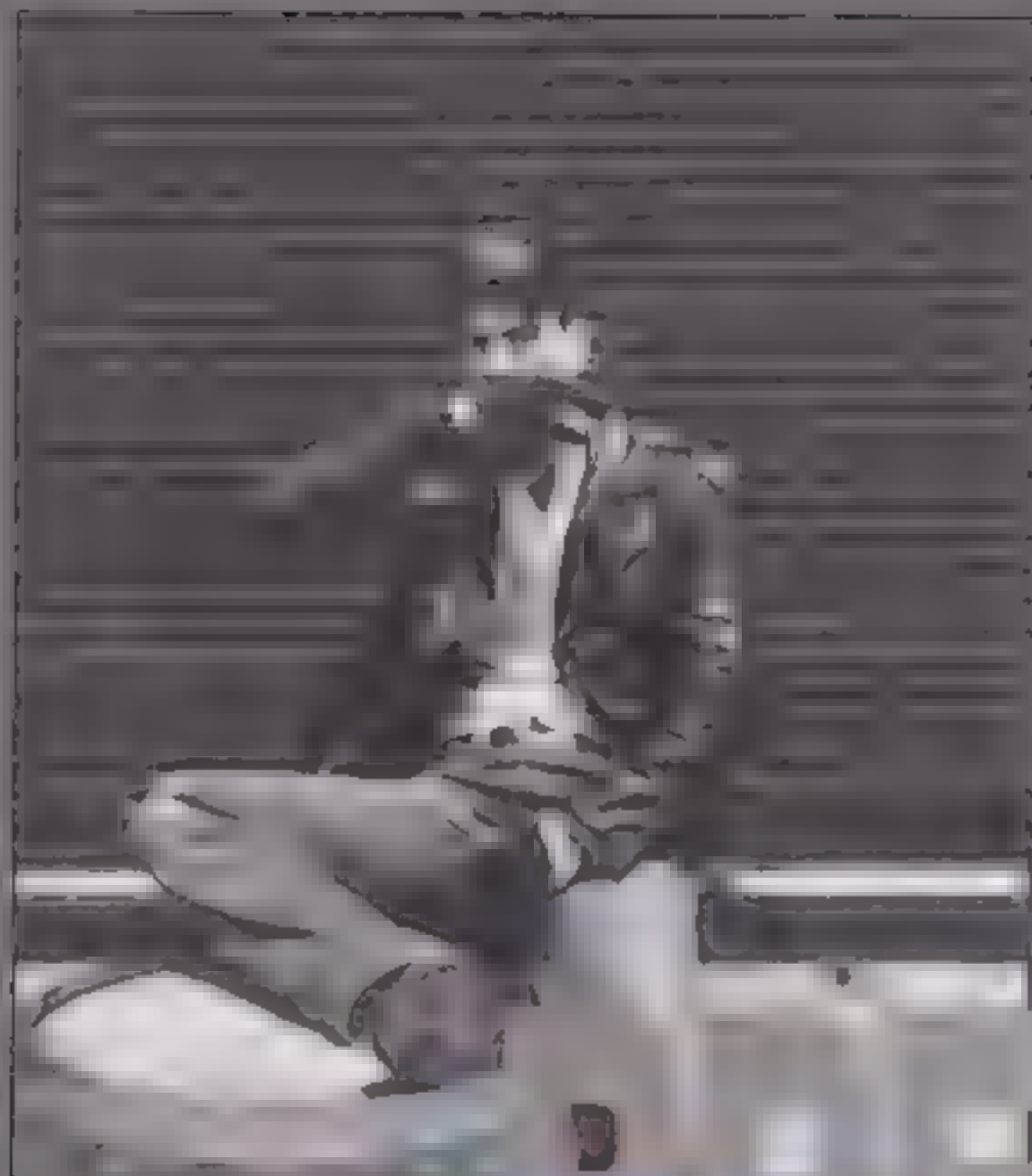
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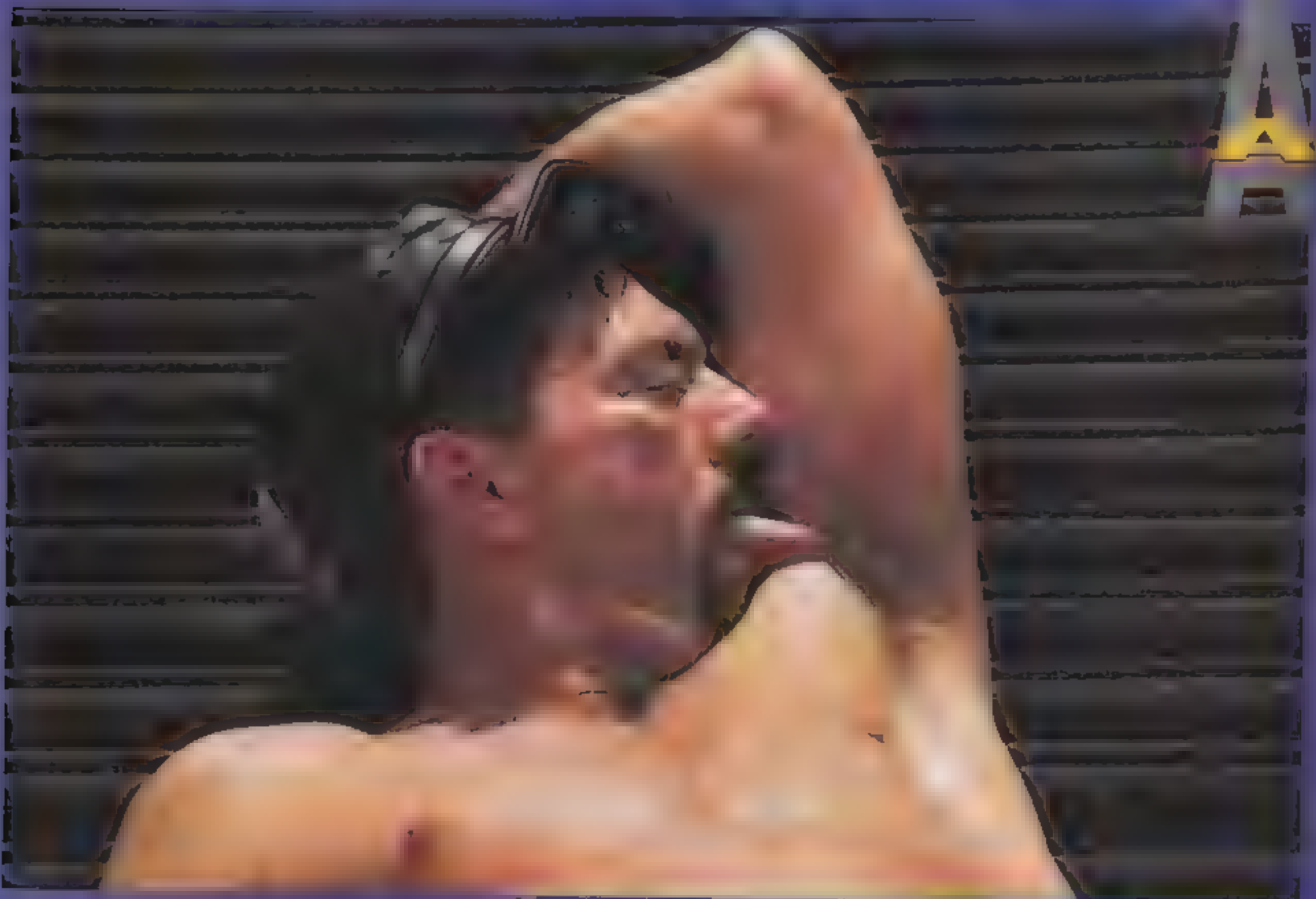
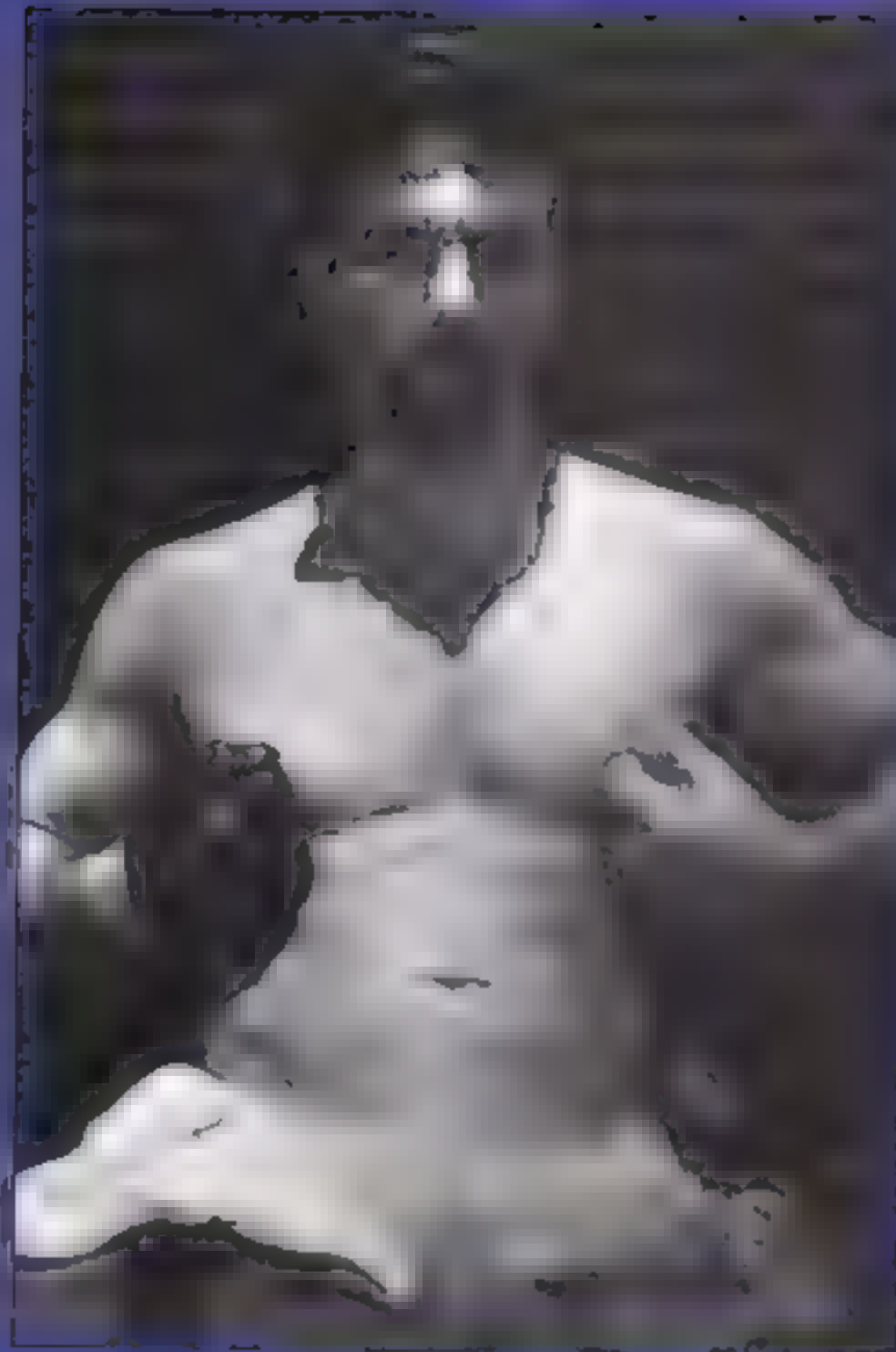
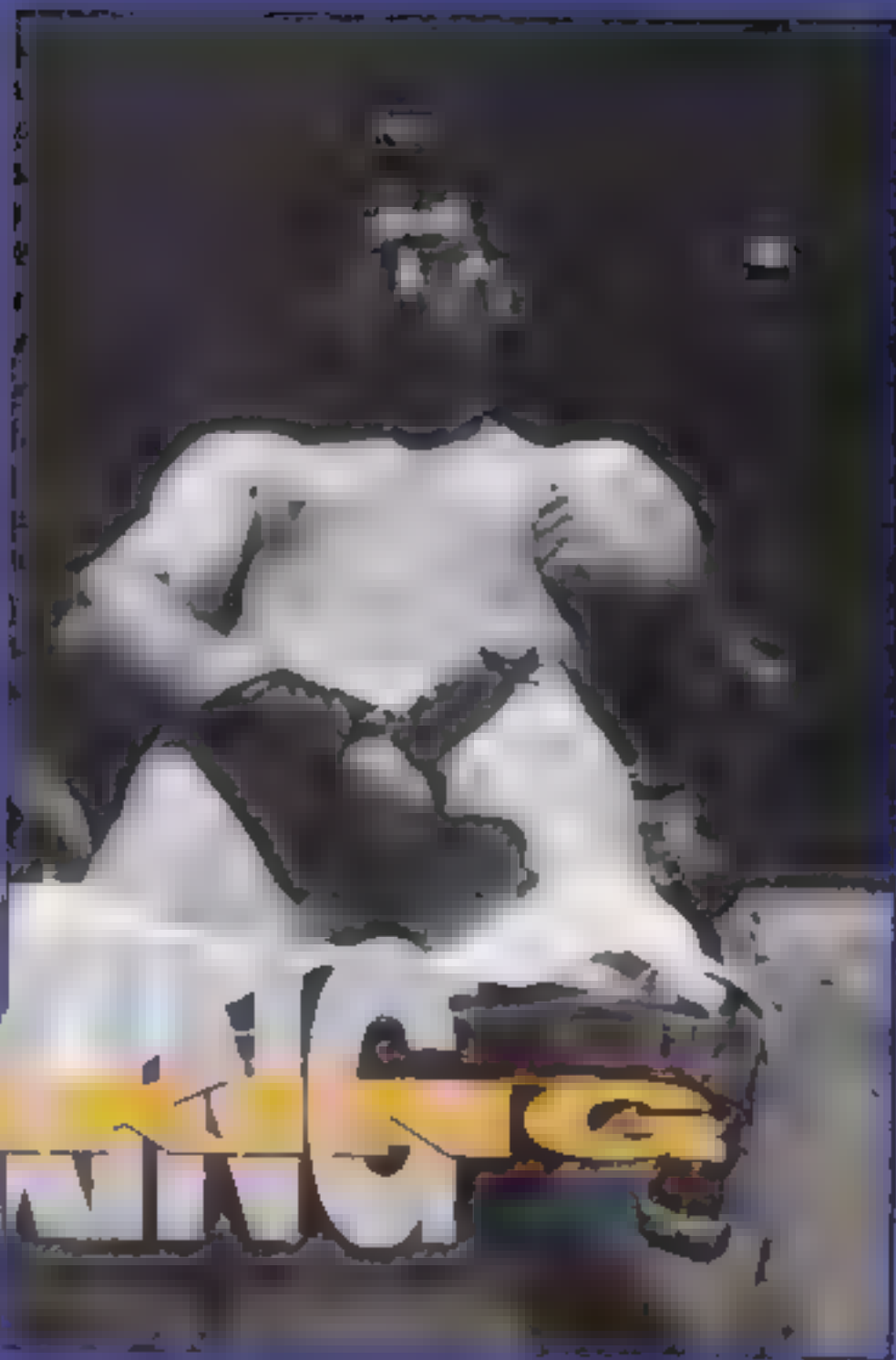
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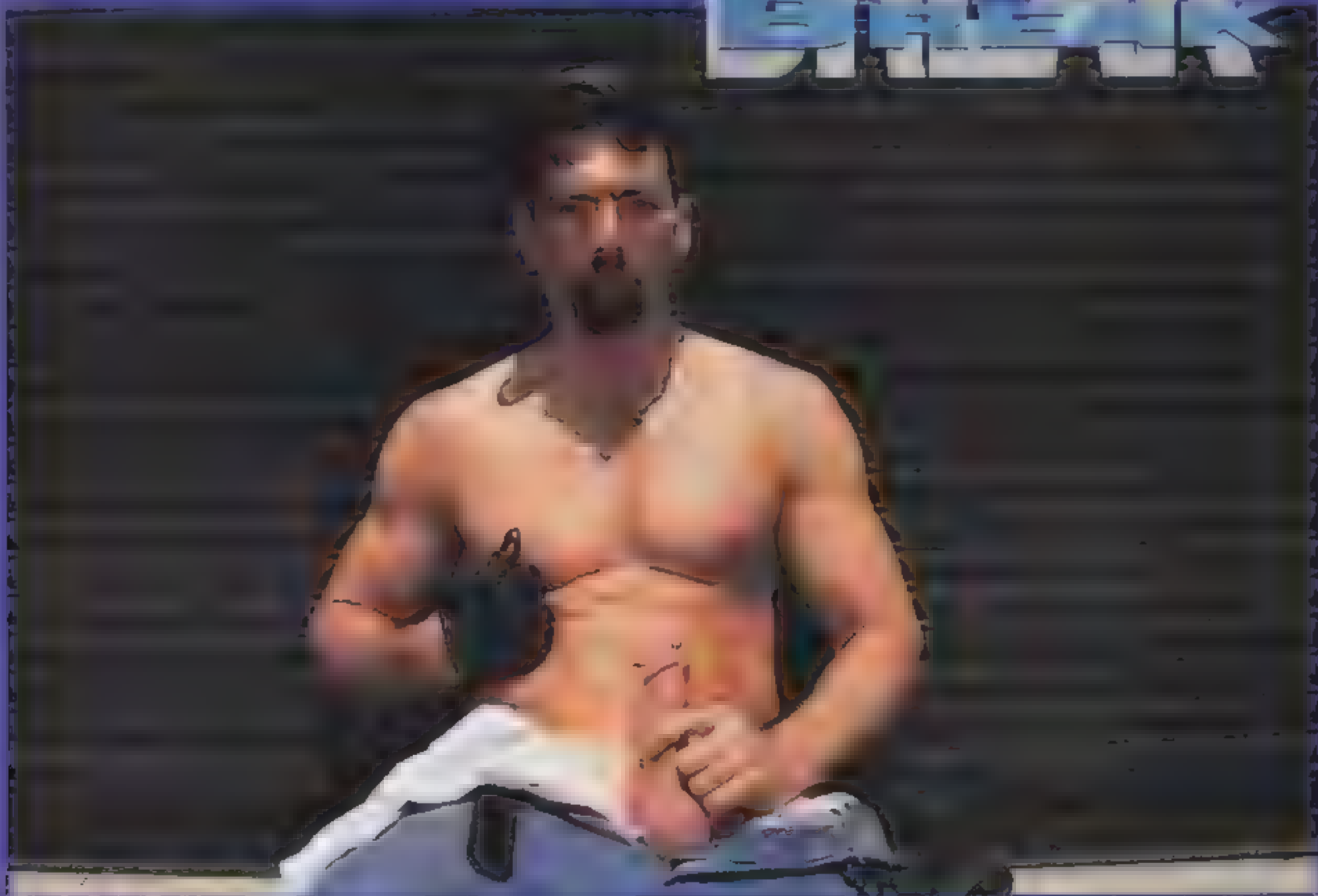


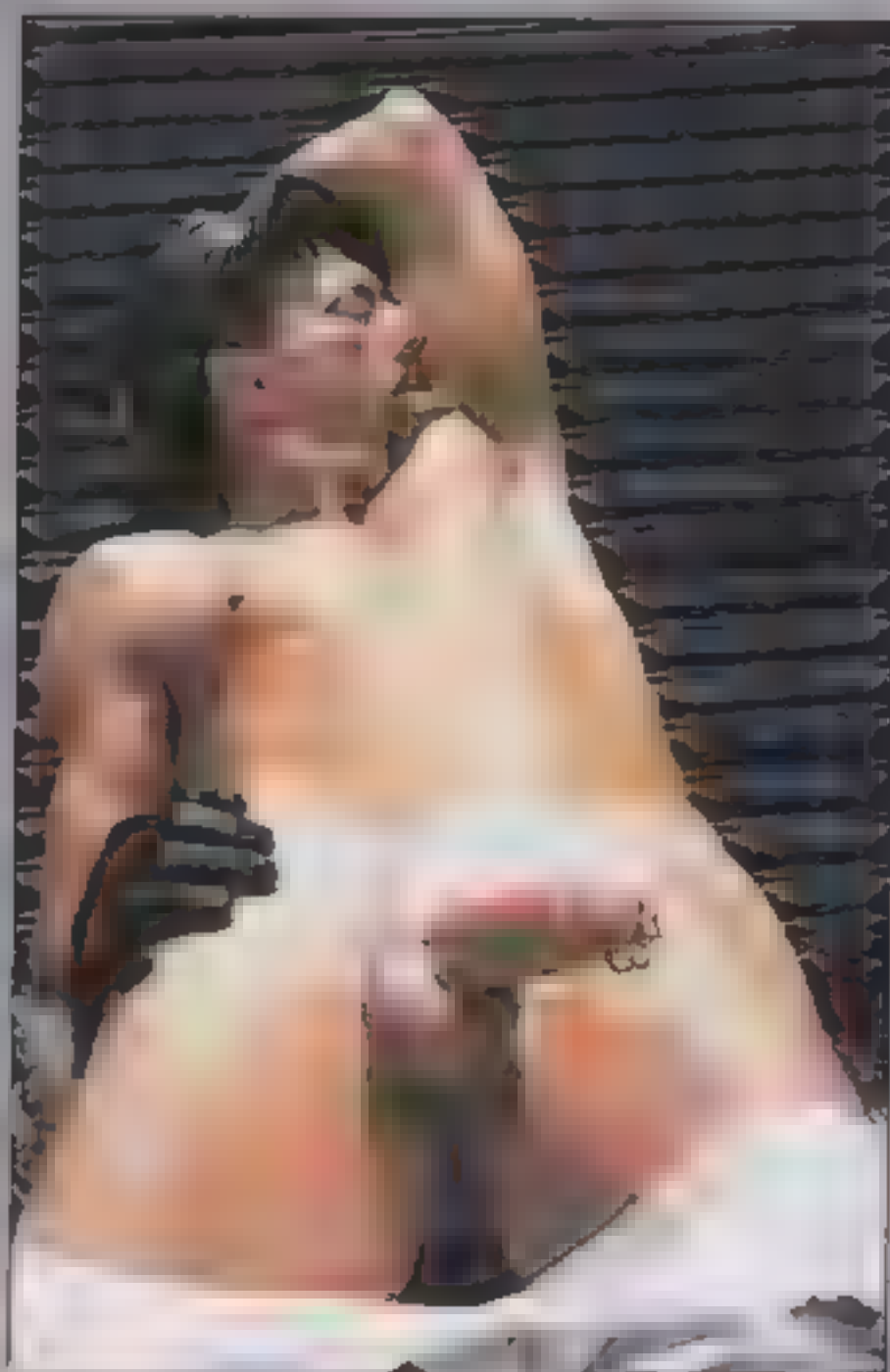




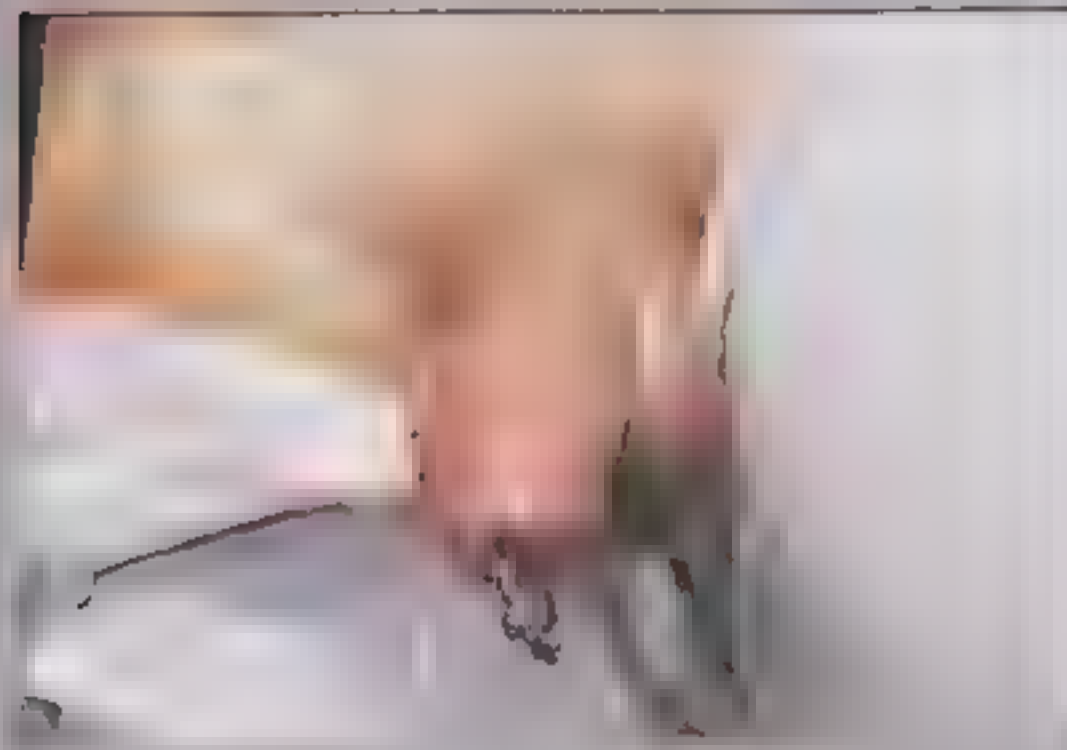
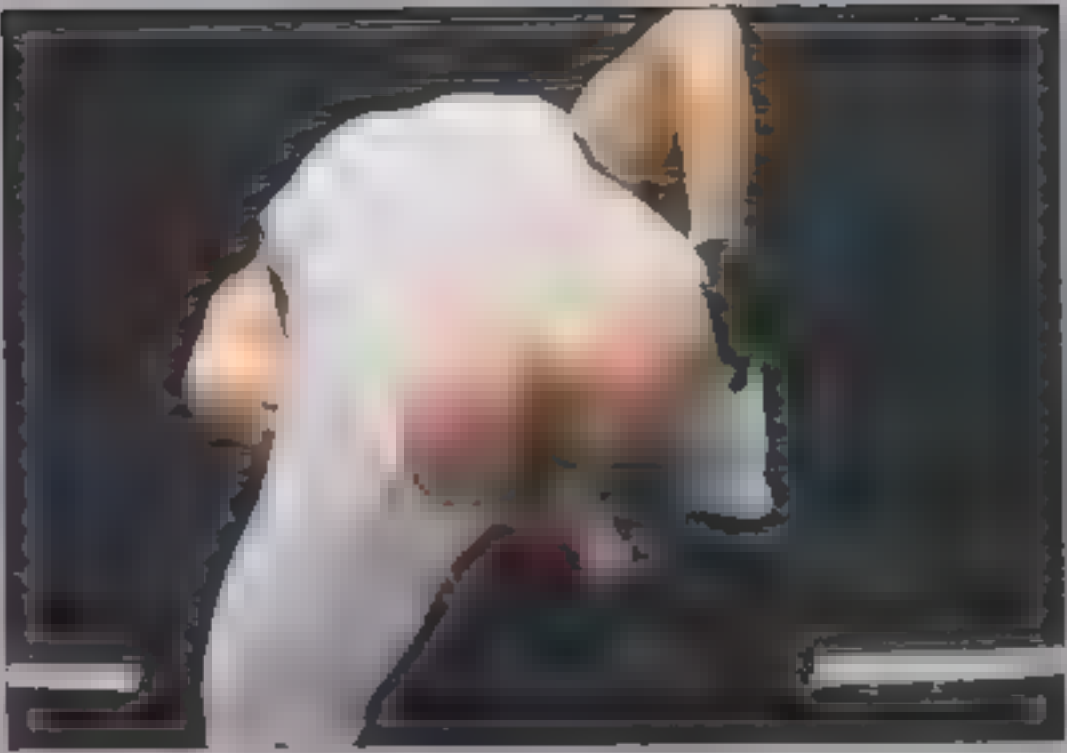


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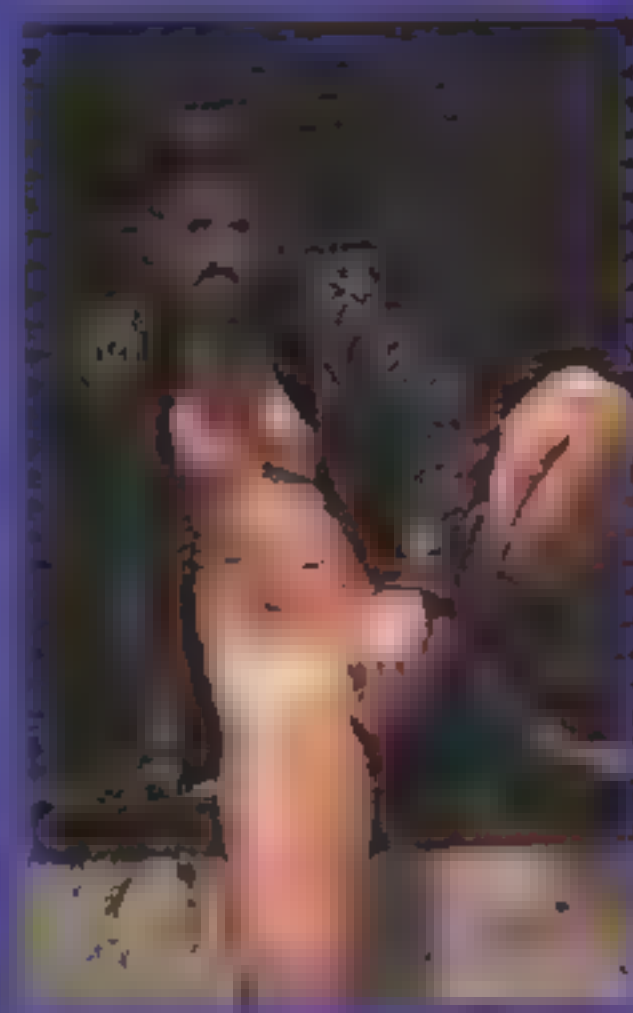
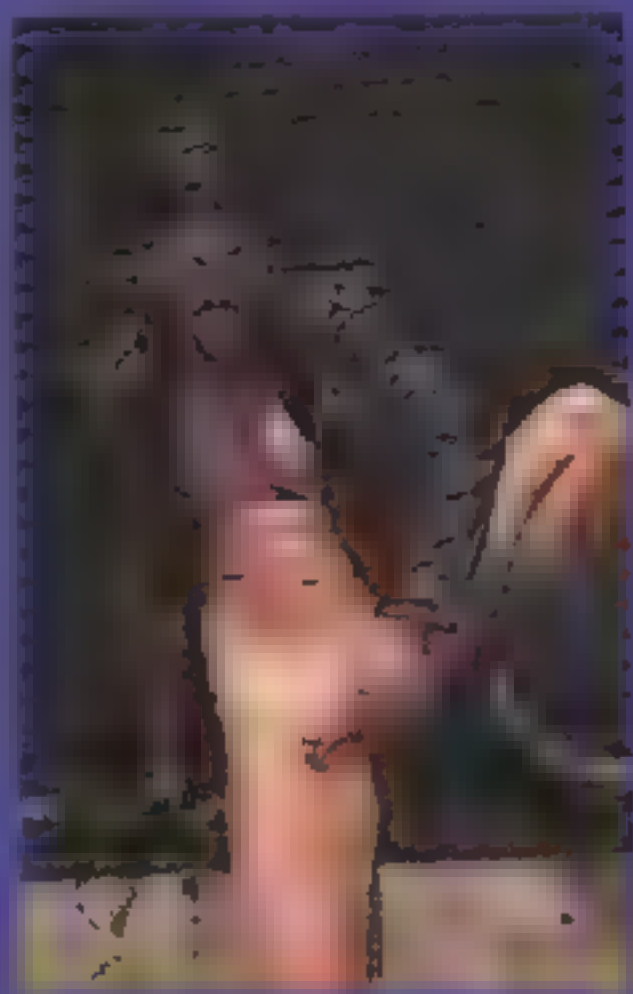
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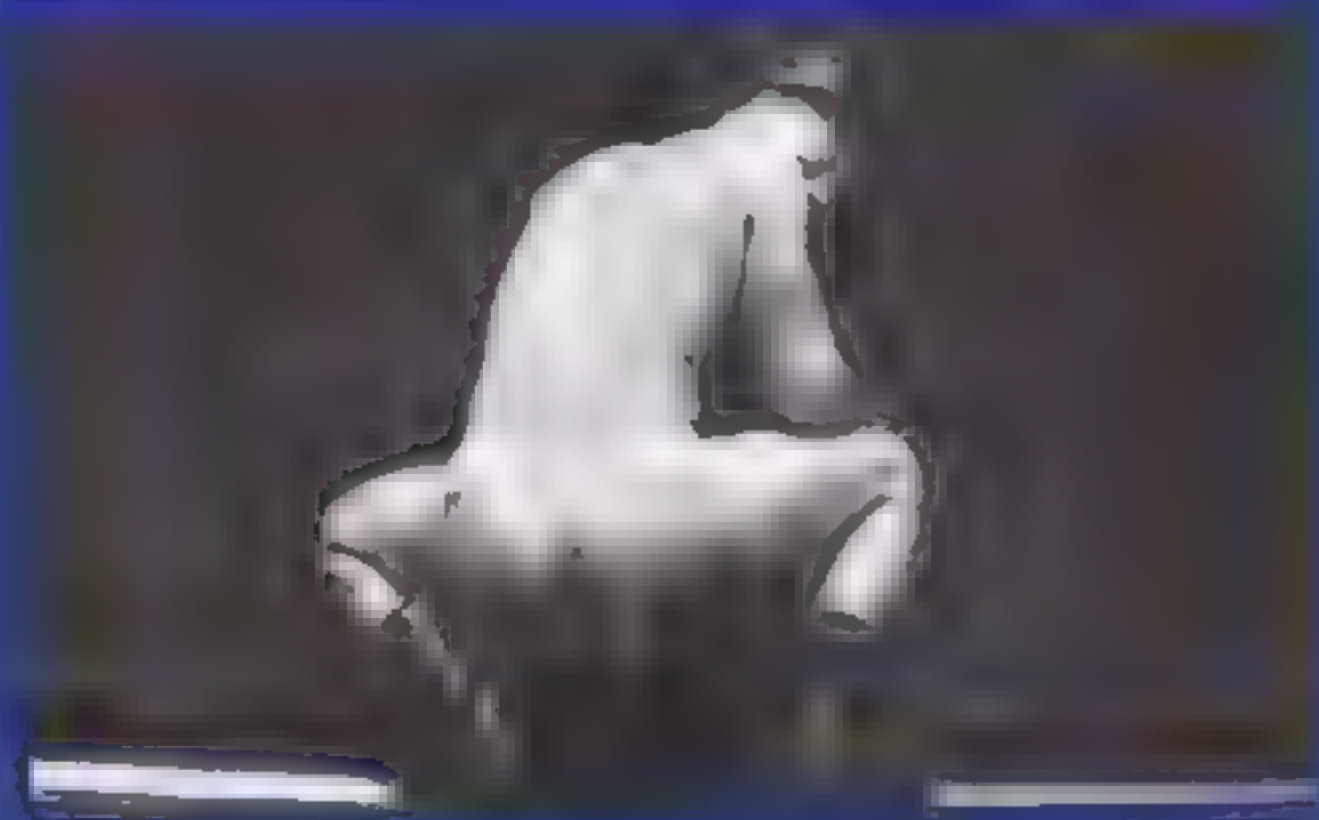
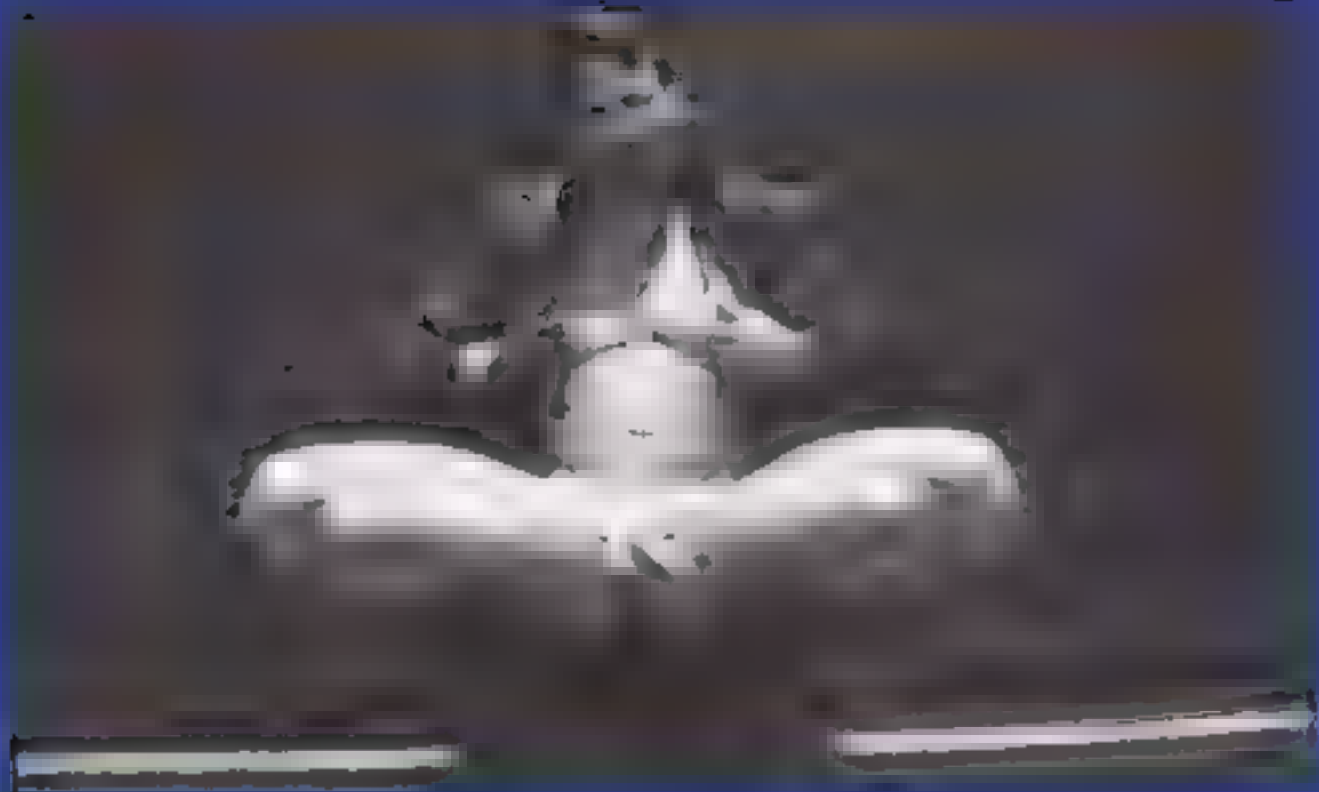


TAKING TAKING



A

BREAK



Apple Man

By Doug May / Illustrations by Guniver Foye

What do you mean you can't get here 'til Friday?" I growled into the phone. "It's only Wednesday. I promised my office I'd upload a brief to them the latest, and I can't do that without my computer."

From the other end of the line came an imperturbable voice, obviously ripe from similar encounters "I'm sorry for the inconvenience, sir, but our service technicians' schedules are set several days in advance, and Friday morning is the first available opening."

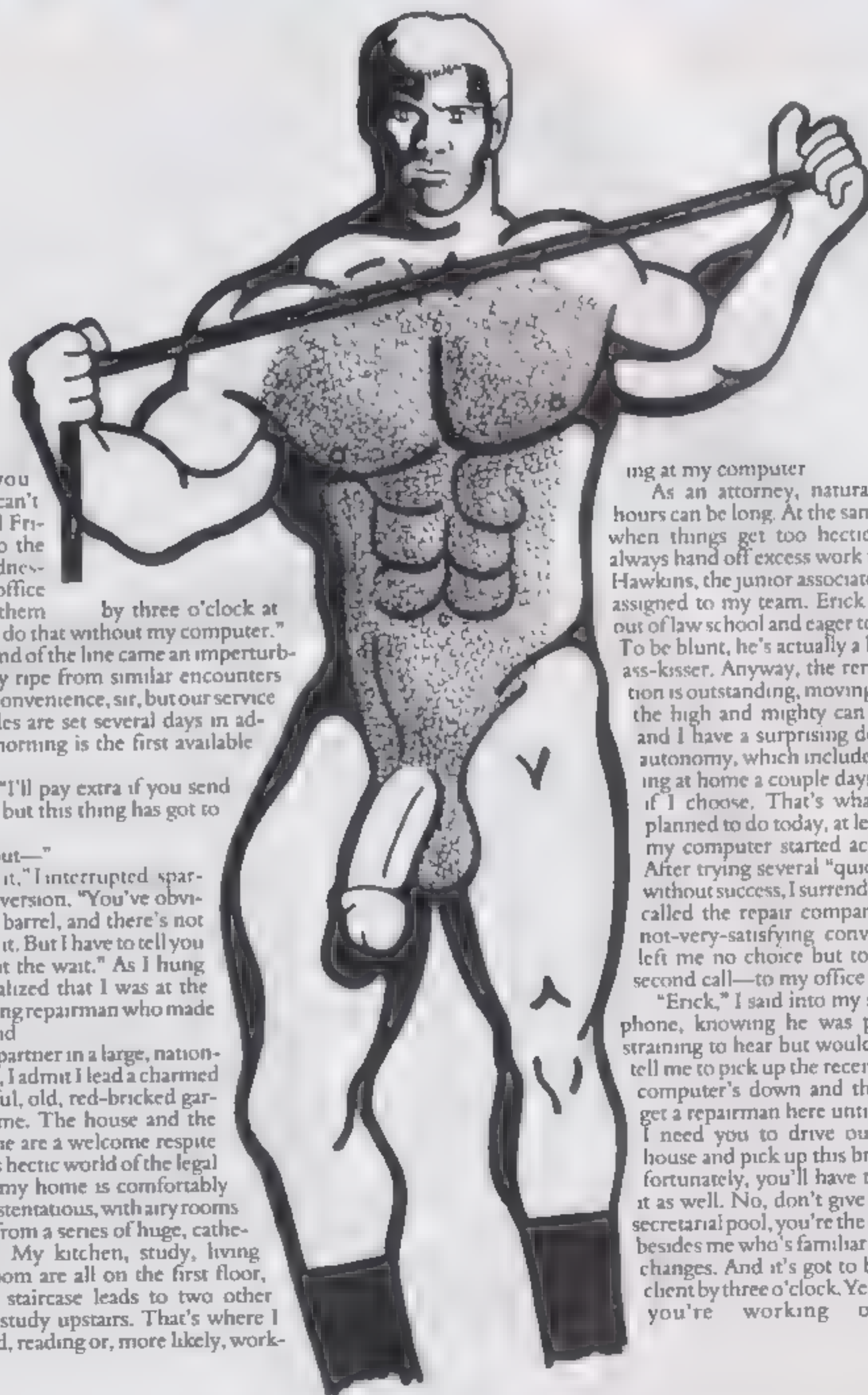
"Listen," I said, "I'll pay extra if you send someone out today, but this thing has got to be fixed."

"I'm sorry, sir, but—"

"Yeah, yeah, sk pit," I interrupted sparing myself the long version. "You've obviously got me over a barrel, and there's not much I can do about it. But I have to tell you I'm not happy about the wait." As I hung up, I sighed and realized that I was at the mercy of some fucking repairman who made a fourth of what I did

As a 44-year old partner in a large, nationally known law firm, I admit I lead a charmed life. I have a beautiful, old, red-bricked garrison that I call home. The house and the solitude it affords me are a welcome respite from the sometimes hectic world of the legal profession. Inside, my home is comfortably appointed, but not ostentatious, with airy rooms and plenty of light from a series of huge, cathedral-like windows. My kitchen, study, living room, and guest room are all on the first floor, while a hardwood staircase leads to two other bedrooms and my study upstairs. That's where I can usually be found, reading or, more likely, work-

by three o'clock at



ing at my computer

As an attorney, naturally, the hours can be long. At the same time, when things get too hectic, I can always hand off excess work to Erick Hawkins, the junior associate who is assigned to my team. Erick is fresh out of law school and eager to please. To be blunt, he's actually a bit of an ass-kisser. Anyway, the remuneration is outstanding, moving among the high and mighty can be fun, and I have a surprising degree of autonomy, which includes working at home a couple days a week if I choose. That's what I had planned to do today, at least until my computer started acting up. After trying several "quick fixes" without success, I surrendered and called the repair company. That not-very-satisfying conversation left me no choice but to make a second call—to my office

"Erick," I said into my speakerphone, knowing he was probably straining to hear but wouldn't dare tell me to pick up the receiver, "my computer's down and they can't get a repairman here until Friday. I need you to drive out to the house and pick up this brief. Unfortunately, you'll have to retype it as well. No, don't give it to the secretarial pool, you're the only one besides me who's familiar with the changes. And it's got to be to the client by three o'clock. Yes, I know you're working on the

Fitzsimmons agreement, but this has to be done first. I'm going out now for a jog. I'll leave the envelope for you on the front stoop." I hung up without waiting for an answer.

When I came back from my run, the envelope was gone. I smiled at the thought of Hawkins' meek replies to my orders. Another perk of the job. Hawkins thought he was well on his way to making partner some day, but for now he was just my personal junior brown nose.

Two days later, the 8 a.m. knock on my door jolted me out from under my morning paper and sent me scurrying to the front of the house. "Well, at least they get an early start," I muttered to myself. As I opened the door, I was taken aback by what I saw: A young man of perhaps 25, tall and lean, deeply tanned, with china-blue eyes and a mop of very blond, almost white, hair. His cheeks were tinged with just a hint of red, as though he were blushing slightly. I took a step back as I struggled to comprehend this robust vision of masculinity on my doorstep.

There he stood—the morning sun behind him, the fresh damp summer air, and the chirping of a thousand birds adding a dream-like quality to his presence. My eyes surveyed him rapidly, in the manner of one who, while he wishes to absorb himself in a visually stimulating image, fears that his motives may be too transparent. Almost immediately, I felt self-conscious. Do I hold the door for him? Do I shake his hand? Have I already made him uneasy by hesitating? One thing was clear in any case: I was uncomfortable. And why not? The guy was quite a sight!

I've always had a thing for men in work uniforms, and seeing this man on my front step was like pouring gasoline on the fire of my favorite fantasy. He was wearing a blue nylon company windbreaker, with the words *Nashman Computer Service* in script above the pocket. The jacket was unzipped, revealing a light blue, open-necked work shirt, which nicely accentuated his hairy chest. His trousers were the basic navy blue work variety. He wore no socks with his black, leather work shoes. And on the other side of his jacket was his name, in the same script: *Buck*.

Everything about him connoted a kind of cocky authority. It wasn't just the thick, bulked-up musculature of his upper body, visible even through

his jacket and shirt. And it wasn't just the way his face was distinguished with lines—unusual for someone his age—although the deep furrows in his brow and the sunburst of creases beside his eyes gave the impression of someone who had shouldered an adult man's responsibilities and had long ago abandoned any pretense of childhood simplicity.

Just above his right eye was the only mark on his face: a jagged, inch-long scar, an additional beacon, perhaps, that innocence was not to be found here. Finally, a two-day growth of beard covered the bottom half of his face, making him seem street-wise and insolent, even careless about his looks, and further enhancing his rugged beauty. He looked like a street-brawler, the kind of guy you often saw hanging around the pool table at some roadside dive, wearing a too-tight T-shirt, sucking on a beer, and hitching his dick up through his jeans every few minutes. He wore a thick gold chain around his neck, a crucifix nestling in the thatch of hairs at his throat. It was the typical semaphore of the working classes, as if some ostentatious jewelry was enough to make him something other than a repairman.

Still, his air of calm, masculine self-possession was impressive enough to leave me stuttering. This was a guy who felt he had the right to be wherever he was, and to talk as an equal with whom-ever he met. He had no fear of anything. After Hawkins' obsequiousness, this kind of behavior from a man—a boy, really—of Hawkins' own age, especially someone who was obviously not going to be spending a whole lot of time in an institution of higher learning, well, it was something of a challenge.

"May I come in, sir?" he asked. "I'm here to fix your Apple."

"What? Oh, of course, come right in," I replied.

As he entered, his repair kit in one hand, I couldn't take my eyes off his butt, observing silently how well he filled out his work pants. I followed him up the stairs, deliberately lagging a few steps behind so that I could stare at those tight butt cheeks clenching and unclenching as he headed toward the second floor. At the landing he paused, and I pointed in the direction of my study. "The computer's just around the corner in that room over there," I said. "Let me know if there's anything you need."

"Thank you, sir. I will, sir," came his polite, almost too formal reply. I

retired to the kitchen to finish reading my newspaper.

As I read, I could hear him working rather noisily down the hall. Probably has to take the whole damn thing apart, I thought to myself. Shaking my head, I continued to read.

An hour or so later I brewed a pot of coffee, thinking it would be a good excuse for my worker to take a break, which, of course, I would share with him. I didn't really expect anything to happen with this guy; I just wanted to spend a little more time looking at him.

He didn't hear me enter the room, and, as I stood behind him with the tray, my heart froze. There he sat before the computer, gazing intently at the words on the screen, my diary! It wasn't so much the fact that he was reading something personal that upset me, it was the particular entry he had selected to satisfy his voyeurism. The words on the screen said it all:

January 3, 1994. Spent the entire New Year's weekend with Tony. The sex was hot, as it always is, but I still haven't gotten up the nerve to tell him about my masochistic desires. I've only known him for a month, and I'm not quite sure he would understand. Still, I'm growing increasingly anxious to take our relationship beyond the "plain vanilla" that it now is. When he's fucking me, all I can think of is how much I'd like to be at his complete mercy, subject to his every whim and desire, disciplined as fiercely as he sees fit, allowed only as much pleasure as he deems appropriate. Over the weekend, we were alone in his parent's cabin at the lake no one around for miles. My recurring fantasy was of being Tony's prisoner, immobilized by restraints, gagged, and forced to endure a vicious whipping. It would be so hot to see just how much punishment I could take (something he would have to sense) and to be powerless to stop it or to change my mind. To relinquish all control over my body, to endure the lash and whatever other tortures he may envision, to entrust my entire being to Tony and be subject to his will—that is my desire!

In the end, my fantasy had remained just that—a fantasy—because Tony and I wound up having a falling out a few months later. Still, the allure of that weekend had lingered in my mind.

I threw the tray to the floor and charged toward the repairman. At almost the same moment, he spun around.

"You little fuck!" I shouted. "That's my personal diary you're reading. What the hell business do you have looking at that?" Acting on some animal impulse, I backhanded him as hard as I could, sending him flying into one corner of

the room

As the repairman rose to his feet, I saw blood trickling from his mouth. Still fuming, I grabbed him by the shoulders and bellowed, "How dare you go..."

Thump!

He knocked my arms aside effortlessly and said, rather calmly, "For your information this was the only file the computer would call up. I was running a diagnostic program when you snuck up behind me."

I stood numb with anger, disbelief, and confusion as he continued, "I will say, though, that I suspected the moment I saw you that you were the type who probably needed to be slapped around in order to get his dick hard." He paused deliberately before he continued, "Lucky for you," he said, "I'm just what you've been waiting for."

His words were like a blow to my chest. No matter how attractive he was, I didn't like the way he was talking to me. In other circumstances, maybe. But not here, in my own house, with a total stranger whom I had just bloodied with a stiff backhand. Still, I realized that I had overreacted. I decided to take a different tack.

"Hey," I began, trying to sound friendly and calming. "I've never freaked out on anyone like that before. I hope you can understand—you know, the shock of seeing you there with my diary and all. Tell you what. To make things even, I'll give you a chance to take your best shot at me."

I stuck out my chin. He looked at me, paused (was that a smirk on his face?), and said, "I've got a better idea."

My curiosity was piqued.

"Take off your shirt," he said in a stern voice.

"What?" I sputtered. "Look, buddy, I shouldn't have slapped you, but I apologized. I'm not going to get much sornier than that. Anyway, you had no business doing what you were doing. Why don't you pick up your stuff and get the hell out of here?"

He stepped forward and reached one hand up to the front of my sweater. He crushed the material in his fist and brought his face only inches from mine. Part of me started to flinch, but another part couldn't move. I could smell him, the strong scent coming off his hands, from the open triangle of skin and curly hair at the top of his work shirt, from the damp semi-circles under his armpits.

"I could threaten you with a battery charge, Mr. Hot Shit Corporate Law-

yer," he said. "I could say that you got me up here and grabbed my dick and, when I said no, you tried to force me. Neither of those stories would go over too well in your tight-ass law firm, would they? But it's obvious that you're rich enough and snotty enough to wiggle away in the end. Your kind always can. Anyway, I'm not really interested in having anything to do with you after I finish with your well-fucked ass this afternoon. Besides, you're going to do this because it's what you want, not because I'm forcing you. Now, take off your shirt like a good boy."

Without saying another word, I did as I was told. I felt compelled to do it, because it was clear that he was already in complete control of the situation. What was it that gave him this power over me? I thought. What part of me had he tapped into that was willing to grant him such power?

I have always been attracted by, in fact actively sought out, men who would be considered "strong-willed" or "self-confident." As far back as grade school I can remember being fascinated by the "attention-getters"—although bullies might be a better description. I felt protected living in the shadow of those types. They gave me a sense of community and belonging and, as long as I merely followed their lead, I was exposing very little of myself to harm or ridicule. Was this what my repairman had sensed in the dark recesses of my psyche?

My guest walked over to his tool kit and pulled from it two lengths of rope.

"Give me your hands," he said, and I complied.

With the first piece of rope, he quickly tied my wrists in front of me. My heart beat a fierce cadence in my chest, and all over my body I could feel a surge of warmth—a wonderful tingling sensation as blood flowed hotly across the surface of my skin. My cock, hard as a rock and pressing against my jeans, was a kind of barometer, making it obvious how much I was already digging this scene. Next, he pulled my arms up over my head and, using the second piece of rope, deftly tied my arms together just below the elbow. My head was bowed slightly forward, and my arms were firmly secured above and behind my head—a most awkward and uncomfortable position.

"Owww," I said, unprepared for the sudden, savage grip of his hand on my crotch. The pressure he applied only served to focus my attention on my throbbing, engorged cock, and fur-

ther fueled my desire. His touch gave me the sense that we had made a pact—him through assertion, me through submission—and this thing, whatever it was he had in mind, was definitely going to happen.

My visitor pushed me out of the study and onto the landing. My arms and wrists were still trussed tightly, and I held them rather ridiculously above my head as I moved. "Downstairs," he said.

At the fourth step, he told me to stop. He threw the remaining length of rope from my wrists up over the railing above. Quickly he ran upstairs and started pulling on the rope, tying it off until my arms were taut above me. The only way to keep my balance was to stand on tiptoe.

A few moments later I heard him rummaging around in my bedroom. I knew it wouldn't take him long to find the box of toys in the chest at the bottom of the huge, oak armoire. My mind fell strangely blank as I hung there and waited.

Coming downstairs again, he tied my feet tightly to the posts at the bottom of the stairs. I was now virtually immobilized, my body leaning slightly to the left. Suddenly his hands were in my face, stuffing a rag into my mouth and tying it in place. I could only grunt protestations and wait for whatever was to come.

"All right," he said, "I think we're ready to start. I hadn't actually gotten around to hooking up the printer when you came in, so I'm going to have to go from memory here. But I think it went something like this: 'All I can think of is being at his complete mercy, subject to whatever discipline he sees fit. My fantasy is being a prisoner, immobilized by restraints, gagged, and forced to endure a vicious whipping. I want to relinquish all control over my body and endure the lash and whatever other tortures he may envision.' What do you think? Did I get pretty close?"

Without warning, the riding crop slashed brutally across the back of my thighs. I yelped into my gag and heard him growl, "I said, 'Don't you think I got pretty close?'"

I nodded rapidly, trying to breathe out the pain radiating from the burning stripe across both legs. I had said I wanted a vicious whipping, but that was with Tony, whom I knew and trusted and even thought I loved, at the time, in the top role. This guy was fucking crazy, and I had no notion what

he was capable of doing. "Yeah," he snarled, "I could tell as soon as I saw you that you've been dying to find someone to do what your little sissy ass dream boat, Tony, wasn't man enough to do. It's your favorite beat-off fantasy, isn't it, Big Man?"

I began to nod again like an idiot, hoping to avoid another blow from the riding crop. He gave a satisfied grunt, and then fell quiet. In a few moments, I sensed him moving up behind me. Slowly he began to drag a rough wire bristle brush—something no doubt retrieved from his "toolbox of horrors"—all over my back. Like a sculptor carefully shaping a statue, he scoured my skin with the brush. First, he moved up and down my back from my shoulder to my ass, some 20 times or more. Then ever so carefully, he moved under my left armpit and down my side, continuing the process on the right side and then on my chest and stomach.

His "massage" hugely increased the sensitivity of my skin, and I noted with each pass of the brush that the pain increased. The brush made circular patterns across my chest, scraping against my tits three times, 10 times, 20 times. My nipples have always been one of the most tender and erotic parts of my body and at first they sprang to full attention. As he traced and re-traced a path across the same expanse of skin, however, I began to feel as though a thousand hot needles were being raked against my tenderized tips. I looked down and expected to see blood, but there was none.

Finally, he concluded his brushing "treatment" and disappeared again upstairs. He let me hang there for a while—maybe as long as half hour, but I wasn't sure. As I waited for him to escalate the scene, every thought imaginable screamed through my mind. What if he leaves me like this and splits? What if he does more to me than I can handle or I pass out? Why did I let myself get into this? All the while I could hear him wandering from room to room, getting ready for God knows what.

With my body trembling and my mind racing uncontrollably, I was surprised to feel his warm hands press gently against my shoulders. He moved his finger tips leisurely, delicately caressing first my shoulders, then my back and moving around to touch my chest. He stopped to put only the lightest pressure on my nipples before moving both hands down my sides and across my stomach. I could feel him unzipping my pants, and, as he reached in, my bone-hard erection sprang into his palm. "Well, well," he said. "I don't give a shit whether you like what's about to happen to you, but I guess you just gave me all the green light I need."

He took off his belt and began to wrap it around my cock and balls. It was one of those stretch-nylon belts, which meant that once he had it cinched as tightly as he wanted it, he had mercy to snap the buckle to secure it.

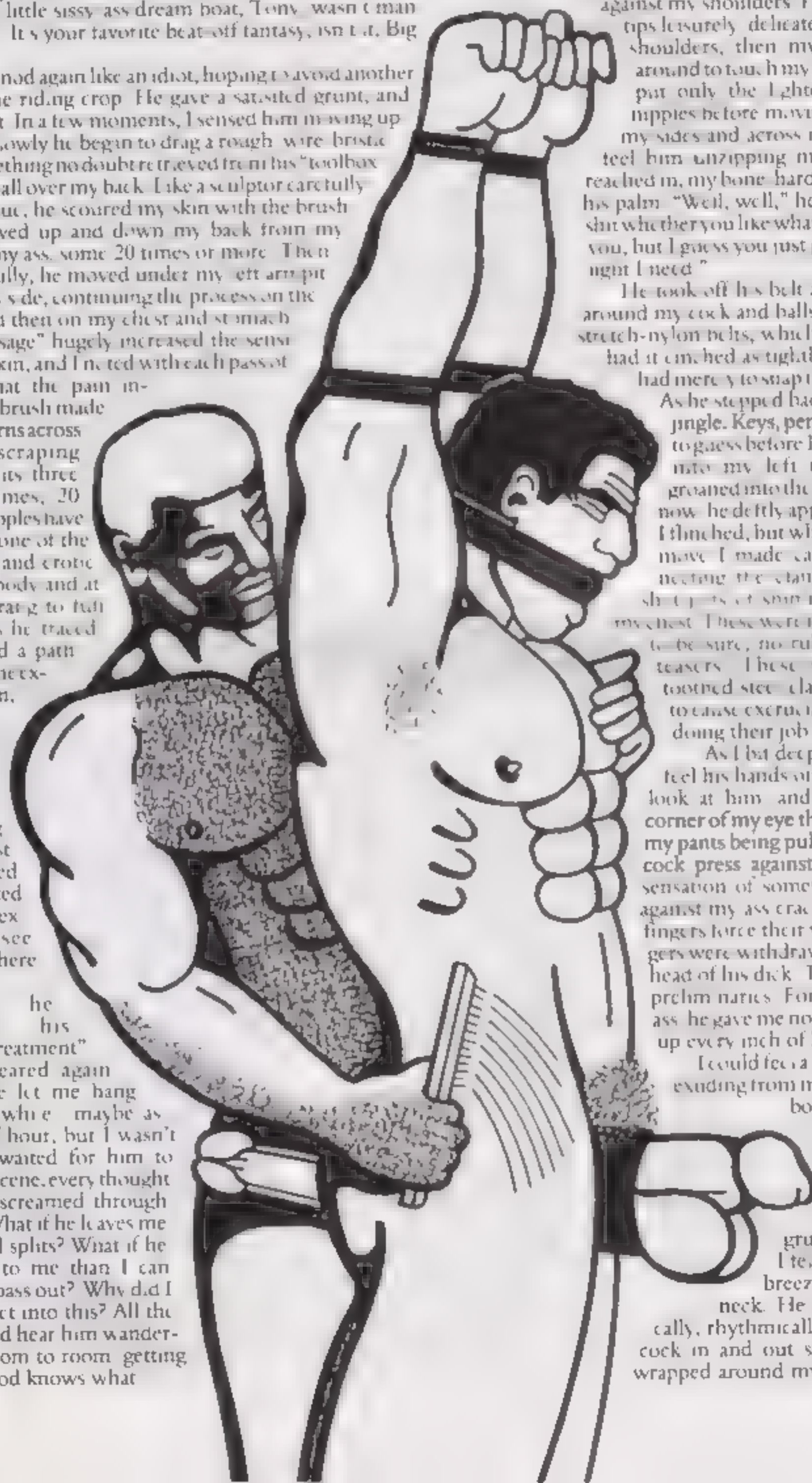
As he stepped back from me, I heard a jingle. Keys, perhaps? I had little time to guess before I felt the cold steel bite into my left nipple. "Aaargh," I groaned into the gag. Working quickly now, he deftly applied the other clamp. I flinched, but where could I go? Every move I made caused the chain connecting the clamps to swing, which shot jolts of stinging pain through my chest. These were no ordinary C-clamps. To be sure, no rubber-coated pressure teasers. These were tight-jagged-toothed steel clamps, designed solely to cause excruciating pain. They were doing their job.

As I bit deep into my gag, I could feel his hands on my hips. I turned to look at him and could see from the corner of my eye that he was naked. I felt my pants being pulled down, and felt his cock press against me. There was the sensation of something cold and slimy against my ass crack, and I felt his blunt fingers force their way into me. The fingers were withdrawn, replaced by the fat head of his dick. There were no further preliminaries. Forcing his way into my ass, he gave me no choice but to swallow up every inch of his manhood.

I could feel a soothing coat of sweat exuding from my body, a kind of full-

body lubricant. His hairy, muscular chest and protruding nipples felt good as they slid along my sweaty, sensitive back. As he

grunted with each thrust, I felt his breath as a warm breeze on the back of my neck. He fucked me methodically, rhythmically. He would slide his cock in and out slowly, with his arms wrapped around my body, hands pulling



on the tit-clamp chain. With every thrust there was an equal surge in my nipples as he tugged on them. He was a perfectly orchestrated pleasure machine! The fucking continued for what seemed like an eternity. I thought I would burst from the sheer force of his presence. My mind was screaming, "Release! Release! Oh, God, what I wouldn't give to be jerked off right now!" but my mouth, gag still firmly in place, could say nothing. I was a mute captive, to be used as my torturer saw fit.

All at once he stopped, and I tried to guess his next move. I heard the noise behind me, but I pretended not to. It can't be—it better not be, I thought. But from across the room came the unmistakable sound of a whip slicing the air. My last moment of denial came to an abrupt end as the braided leather crashed down upon my right shoulder. In an instant, I was awash in white-hot pain! I tried to scream but nothing came out. My entire body jerked in reaction to the blow. This is it, I thought. This is where he beats me to a pulp, just like I wrote in my journal.

I could feel the cold sweat break out on my body. The intensity of that first blow proved that this guy meant business. But what the hell could I do? He had me strung up like a set of Christmas lights and I wasn't going anywhere. When were those fucking endorphins going to kick in and help me endure this? He struck again, a little lower this time, but just as ferociously. At first he administered the beating slowly, with an interval of perhaps 15 seconds between blows. Each new area he struck took me to new levels of unimaginable pain. Eventually, with no untouched spots to strike, he would concentrate on a certain area—a shoulder, for example—and work it over ferociously. Although the pain was duller now, each stroke of the whip was infinitely more painful than the one before. No longer was I able to compose my thoughts to prepare for each blow. Hell, I could barely think at all! It was as though my brain was scrambled; this was a sort of artificial electroshock treatment. Now blow followed upon blow, with almost no pause in between.

Sometimes I would try to twist my body out of the way of the whip, which relieved the searing pain on my back, but it caused me to expose vulnerable new areas on my sides, each stroke of the whip falling like a knife against the thinner, tenderer skin covering my ribs. My breathing was now rapid and shallow, and the gag only added to my panic

and discomfort.

The torture seemed to go on for hours. I was caught up in a whirlwind of agony, and was on the verge of passing out. Everything seemed to be spinning around me—the stairs, the railing, the ceiling—everything. Random thoughts entered and left my mind. I was completely at his mercy. Completely. All the while, he never said a word.

Just as soon as it began, it was over. I hung there panting into my gag, my body feeling hot, almost feverish. When he removed the tit clamps, I thought my ordeal had ended. Instead, he massaged my buzzing nipples for a moment, then reapplied the clamps to my newly sensitized tits. This guy sure knows how to inflict some heavy-duty pain, I thought to myself.

The next thing I knew, he was hugging me from behind, and had started fucking me again. This time, though, his arms were wrapped tightly around me, and he began slowly—ever so slowly—to jerk me off as he fucked me. Once again I was lost in the wonders of his cock and of the exquisite sensations emanating from my own. His coarse chest fur rubbed against the welts and bruises on my tortured back. He drilled me without mercy, pumping so furiously that I stopped being able to tell the difference between the moments when his cock was buried in me and when he had yanked it almost all the way out.

After a journey into and beyond pain, he brought me off. His cock still prodding my ass, I exploded with such fury that I thought my cum would blast a hole through the stairs. I felt infinite now: No pain, no struggle, no thoughts even—just bliss!

Finally, as we both began to cool down, he let go of my cock and stepped away from me. I hung there, totally spent. I could hear him putting his clothes back on. He climbed the stairs again to the study and, shortly after that, reappeared in front of me with a Polaroid camera. He began to take pictures of me—my mouth gagged; my arm and legs tied to the stairs; my back a blazing red, criss-crossed with thin, angry lines and dotted, here and there, with small patches of bloody skin. My cock continued to drool cum onto the carpet beneath me. As each picture was ejected from the camera, he slid it into the pocket of his windbreaker.

Finally, he began to release me. The tit clamps, the cock-belt, the gag—all came off one by one. He ascended the

stairs, untied the rope, and lowered me to the floor. I crumpled into a ball on the bottom stair, waiting for him to give me final release by untying my hands and feet. He did so, still silent. He grabbed his stuff and moved toward the front door.

"Wait!" I shouted, "I need to talk to you."

Glancing behind him briefly, he smiled and kept walking.

I lurched to my feet, only to find my legs not working too well after the hours of immobilization. Struggling to catch up to him, I yelled, "Hey, hold on."

I put my hand on his shoulder, and he stopped and turned to face me. "Please," I said, "You can't just take off. What are you going to do with those photos?"

A look of real malevolence crossed his face. "First of all, he said, "I'm going to show them to my lover, Erick. Erick Hawkins? I understand that you and he have met. I think they'll probably get him hot enough to want to fuck me something fierce. And after that, I think we'll put them away in a drawer, just to make sure that you and Erick have a little more—how shall I say it?—civility in your working relationship from now on. Oh, he wanted me to tell you that he's taking next week off and hopes you won't have too much trouble getting the Fitzsimmons agreement finished on your own."

He turned again, then paused. "I own Nashman Computer Service, by the way, and we always aim to leave our clients satisfied. I'll send someone out to finish working on your computer on Monday morning. A word of advice, though. In the future, you might want to be a little bit more careful about who you choose to take a punch at—as you'll see on Monday, most of the boys in the shop share my interests, but not all of them are as kind and forgiving as me."

His heels clicked on the hardwood floor, and the door slammed. I heard the engine of his truck start and then fade into the distance. He was gone. Wearily, I walked back to the kitchen and fell into a chair. Who was this stud who tortured me so sensually? And what did he mean by that comment about the other boys in the shop? With elbows resting on my knees and eyes staring blankly at the floor, I took a deep breath. If I was going to finish the Fitzsimmons agreement on time, I'd have to get busy. But I couldn't think about that now. In fact, there was only one thing on my mind. Monday morning. ■



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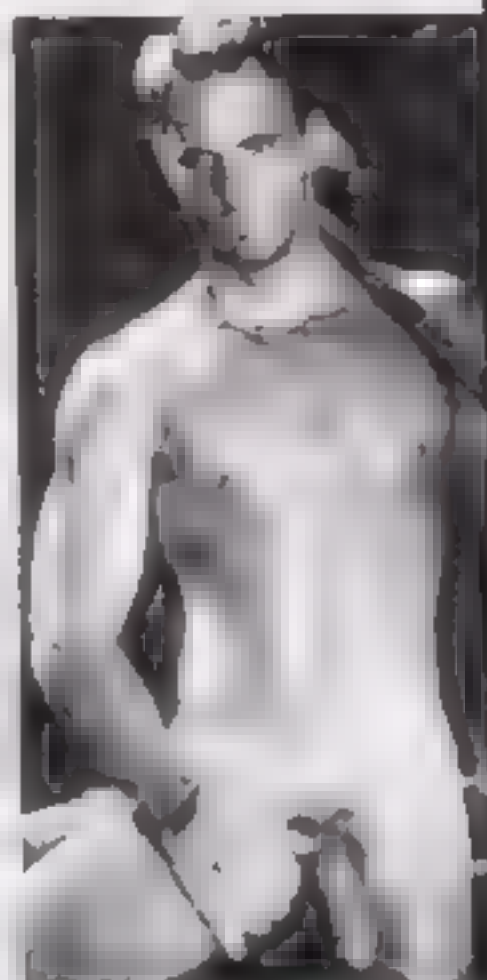
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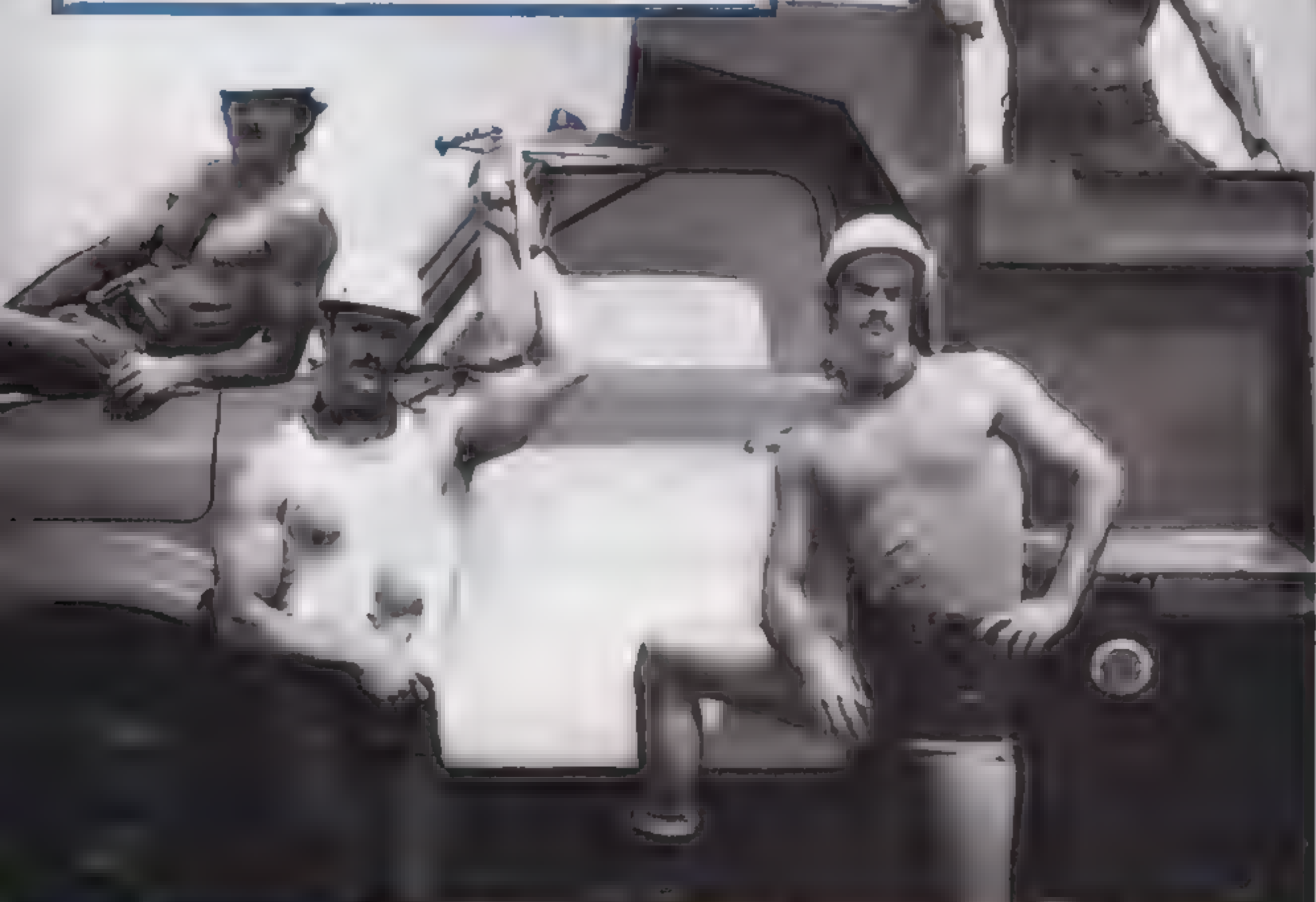
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CAPTIVE FOREMAN

by John Bennett / Photography by Target Studios



Burt remembered the many times he had eyed his workers' muscular hairy bodies, fantasizing and jacking off behind his desk. When he felt especially horny, he'd call one of the crew into his office for a thorough chewing out, jacking his cock with deliberate slowness beneath the desk as he berated the embarrassed man who stood sweating and shirtless before him.

A 20-year construction veteran, Burt Riley was a hard-assed son-of-a-bitch who pushed his employees to their union limits and ruled his workers with the harshness of a slave master.

Riley regularly accepted building contracts that he promised to complete in half the time other companies could, and his workers had hell to pay if there was so much as the threat of a delay. He often mused, within earshot of his crew, that it would probably help production if he installed a whipping post at the construction site—the kind of reliable, old-fashioned discipline his ancestors had used 200 years before on their plantations. As a result only a handful of workers stayed even as long as a year before moving on to a company where the treatment was less harsh.

A bastard to the core, Burt Riley was also a massive, imposing man: 280 pounds of weight-lifting muscle wrapped in six-and-a-half feet of hard flesh. He had recognized early in life that his size and don't-fuck-with-me attitude intimidated people, and he got off on it. In the evenings he'd sit in his recliner with a beer in one hand and his eight-inch cock in the other, a thick Swisher stogie hanging from his lips. Then he'd jack off thinking about the guys he'd left stewing and sputtering but too terrified to utter a word after he'd busted their nuts in front of the entire crew.

On especially hot days, Burt had a favorite trick for getting himself off. He'd call one of the crew, sweating and shirtless, into his office for a thorough chewing out. Sitting behind his desk, his crotch and fist hidden from view, he'd jack his cock with deliberate slowness as he berated the embarrassed, half-naked man who stood before him. "Yes, sir. I'm sorry, sir. It won't happen again," the man would say, and Burt would shoot silently into his fist. Those scenes were always good for at least a couple of mental replays as Burt sat at home in the evenings in his cum-stained easy chair.

Now Burt was inspecting the scrawny, small-framed man who sat in his office. He wasn't impressed. Burt flipped the man's application over; the black ink was smudged and sloppy. "A lightweight," Burt thought to himself,

"and a fuck-up to boot." He tossed the form on the top of the pile of papers on his desk.

"Ever done construction before?" Burt asked.

"Nope," Bill Peterson replied.

"Doesn't look as though you stay in any one spot too long, either," he said, a hint of contempt in his voice. He felt Peterson sizing him up with shifting eyes.

"I like to move around, Mr. Riley."

Burt grunted. A dickhead of a worker had quit suddenly the day before and he needed a laborer on the site fast. His instincts whispered that this guy was bad news, but turning down a man who seemed willing to work was a sin at the top of Burt's list of 10 commandments. "I think we'll try you out just the same." His lips formed a half-smile. "I run a tight ship here and expect hard work every day. Do your job and we'll get along. Benefits after 90 days if you stay. Understand?"

"Sure," Bill said without interest.

Burt's half-smile faded. "You call me 'Sir.' I'm the foreman here."

"Sure . . . sir."

Burt kicked the heavily dented trailer door open with one foot as he yelled to Ted Kinney, the site supervisor. Moments later the tall, stocky man rushed in.

"Bill Peterson, meet Ted Kinney. Ted, this is Bill." As the two men shook hands, Burt thought he noticed a flicker of recognition pass between them, but he shrugged it off. "Bill, Ted will train you. He's been the only worker with balls enough to stay with me for over 10 years. He'll treat you right. If he don't, let me know." Burt shot Ted a meaningful glance.

"Yeah," Ted said mockingly, "with every trainee I get a whole 25 cents extra an hour. Yippy, yippy, yo, where the money is I go, I always say."

Bill snickered as he followed Ted onto the site.

After lunch, Burt's eyes narrowed and his nostrils flared as he stared at the

blueprints that lay across the slanted drafting table in one corner of his office. The plans showed clearly that some important duct work was missing. It had been requested, but Burt had overlooked it in his rush to get the job started quickly. Heads were going to roll, he knew, pushing his fingers through his curly, black hair. But his wasn't going to be among them. All at once an angry shouting match started outside, and Ted Kinney bolted through the door.

"Sir, Peterson's working himself into a fight out there," he complained. "He's being some kind of wiseass. Want me to get rid of him?"

Burt raised an eyebrow at Ted's suggestion to shitcan the guy before he could bury the hammer himself. He spread the window blinds in time to see Peterson swing wildly at another worker. "Why, that stupid, hairless fuck," he growled. "Get his ass in here." A moment later the novice stood impassively in the office.

"What was that shit out there, Peterson?!" Burt yelled.

"Nothing," Bill said defiantly. "I was just bored."

"Bored?" Burt repeated in a tone of disbelief. "Well, I'm sorry we couldn't keep the work interesting enough for a fuckin' rocket scientist like you, Peterson. You always start throwing punches when you get bored?"

"Pretty much, yeah."

Burt inhaled deeply, struggling to control his rage. "I already got two good reasons to fire you, Peterson. Fighting is one of 'em and smart-mouthing me is number two. Why don't you run your wiseass faggot mouth some more and give me a few others?"

Bill looked the foreman up and down, then shrugged. "Never mind, man. I quit. I don't want to work here anymore."

The guy sounded more smug than upset, Burt noticed. "Then get off my site!" The door slammed shut and Burt and Ted watched Peterson drive off, spewing gravel against Ted's rusted-out pickup. The asshole hadn't even brought a lunch box, Burt reflected, then smiled to himself. He was still the king of handling trouble before it handled him. Unwrapping a Swisher for himself, he handed another to Ted and ordered him back to work.

It was after six that evening when Burt realized that everyone else had already gone home. Figuring out who to blame for the screwed-up blueprints

could wait until Monday morning, he thought, flipping off the trailer lights and locking the door.

Dumping some paperwork on the front seat of his truck, Burt decided to make an inspection of the site before he went home. If he found any fuck-ups

light, and he stretched as its warmth touched his bare flesh.

Walking between erected beams and the bulldozer, Burt began to count the equipment. All the dump trucks and trailers were present, sitting lifeless at the entrance of the site. A large pile of

paranoia or actual footsteps that he heard behind him, but as he spun around he had just enough time to see a two-by-four come crashing into the side of his head. The cloudless blue sky swirled madly, mixed with grays and purples, then disappeared as Burt fell into a deep, black abyss.

As the world came slowly back into focus, Burt became aware of the pain in his limbs. He blinked. Two steering wheels blurred and separated before his eyes, then merged back into a solid one. Pain shot through his head, and Burt tasted blood in his mouth. He realized that he was facing the bulldozer, his wrists securely tied with thick nylon rope to the frame of its safety cage, his boots fastened just as tightly to the wheels. He struggled against the bondage, trying to free himself. From behind him came laughter.

"Don't even think about it, motherfucker!" spat a voice. "You ain't goin' nowhere."

"Yeah. We're gonna have some fun with you, foreman," snickered a second man. "Oh, I mean *Mister* Foreman. Sir."

"Let me go!" Burt yelled, dizzy and angry. "What the fuck do you want?"

Two young men appeared on Burt's right side. The larger, stronger one stood at least six feet tall. He was probably 21 or 22, Burt decided, and long, unkempt black hair fell across his shoulders. The other, shorter and obviously younger, had light brown hair in a basic jarhead cut. Both had firm, muscular builds, deep-set eyes, and low foreheads. Brothers, he realized.

"This here's Tim," the taller one said, "and I'm Kyle. Kyle Peterson. I believe you already know our older brother." Burt felt a wave of panic wash over him as Bill stepped into his line of vision. He thought of calling for help but knew no one was around to hear. The construction site was located at least a mile from the main road and was surrounded by a dense patch of trees.

"Just so you're aware, Riley," Bill snickered. "I was the one who tied you to your own fucking bulldozer. Go ahead, take a look. I don't think I did such a bad job on the knots—for a *stupid, hairless fuck*."

Tim laughed. "Yeah, Bill's got you all bound up and ready to make us some real mon."

"Shut up!" Bill yelled. "Don't tell him shut—he'll find out soon enough." There was lust and greed in his eyes.



he could bawl the guys out first thing Monday morning, and start the week off with them knowing he was keeping an eye on them. He pulled off his T-shirt and used it to wipe the sweat out of his armpits. Tossing the shirt in on top of the papers, he walked into the site. His well-defined, fur-covered pecs glowed in the early evening May sun-

light, and he stretched as its warmth touched his bare flesh. Walking between erected beams and the bulldozer, Burt began to count the equipment. All the dump trucks and trailers were present, sitting lifeless at the entrance of the site. A large pile of bricks lay scattered near what would be the south wall, and Burt thought again about the duct problem. Checking the bulldozer, he remembered that Ted had locked the keys away safely in his office. What he didn't realize was that he was experiencing his last moment of freedom.

Burt wasn't sure if it was his own

"You're gonna fit mighty well into our plans, bossman!"

Work boots crunched against dry mud as Kyle came closer to Burt. Burt felt a hand squeeze his cock roughly, then unzip his fly. Before he could protest, a rock-hard fist jabbed him sharply in the kidneys and, as Burt sagged in pain, his pants fell around his knees. Burt's hairy, muscular ass hung helplessly in the air and he felt the torpedo head of Kyle's eight-inch cock nosing its way between his spread cheeks. Burt tightened his ass muscles. "Hey!" he yelled. "What do you think you're doing?"

The only response was the sound of hawking as Kyle crudely smeared a wad of mucus across Burt's clenched asshole. Burt felt the head of Kyle's rod aim for the opening, and he grunted with the effort of keeping his pucker shut tight. They could do what they wanted to him, but they were not getting into his ass.

"Whew," Kyle sneered. "your little pussy's gonna be a snug fit. Well, we don't want to damage the merchandise by punching you a new asshole, do we? Oh, I'd be happy to, you self-important bastard, but lucky for you it's not entirely up to me. Bill, hand me that can of grease."

Bill reached for the oil can that waited on the hood of the bulldozer. One of the crew had left it there after working on the engine in the afternoon—just the kind of excuse Burt would normally have used to chew someone out for carelessness.

Kyle shoved the slim nozzle of the oil can into Burt's ass. Burt bucked, trying to pull away, but Kyle pushed it in farther, squeezing the handle slowly. The cold, black grease entered Burt's bowels. Kyle pulled the nozzle out and pumped more oil into his hands. He lubed his dick and placed the head against Burt's tense ass ring. He grasped Burt's shoulder for leverage with one oily hand. And then he shoved.

Pain seared through every part of his body as Burt howled. He wanted to throw punches, kick, do anything to get the cock out of him. He gritted his teeth and struggled fiercely as the ropes binding his arms bit into his skin.

A low grunt escaped Kyle's lips. "Yeah, foreman, go ahead and fight. You're giving my dick quite a ride."

The hard rod probed further into Burt. Every nerve in the large man's body cried out. When the cock finally filled Burt's hole, Kyle hissed with plea-

sure. He began fucking in and out. Burt couldn't believe the pain. Part of him wanted to beg but he refused to give Bill or his brother the satisfaction.

"I hope it feels just as good to you, too, foreman, because you're gonna have to"—Kyle gave one mighty thrust—"get used to it!" He moaned, quickening his pace.

Sweat ran across Burt's face and slid down the dark five o'clock shadow that colored his cheeks and his sharp, square chin.

Kyle's hips pumped faster and faster, his meat pulsating as it stretched Burt's ass lips. He grabbed at the hairy flesh of the man's sides and balanced himself, watching his crotch slam against the muscular butt. Five minutes became 10. His cock was rock-hard, and ass juice and dark oil covered its shaft. Kyle bent his knees, his thrusts coming as fast and as hard as a jackhammer.

Bill and Tim laughed at the tall, helpless man straining uselessly against the ropes.

With each powerful thrust Kyle forced the foreman against the metal side of the bulldozer. He was getting close—very close. Kyle's hips seemed to work in accord with the man's attempts to escape. Kyle's cock anticipated every move. Burt's anger thrilled Kyle. He knew the man would kill him with his bare hands if he could get loose. But he couldn't. Electricity shot through Kyle's cock as his balls erupted. He jerked as spasm after spasm passed through his body, and warm jism emptied into Burt's stretched hole. Several minutes passed before Kyle climbed off.

Sweat pasted Burt's thick, curly chest hair against his skin. His arms and legs ached from fighting the ropes. As Kyle yanked his half-hard cock out of the battered ass, Burt prayed silently that the Petersons were done having their fun with him. But he doubted it. Burt hung helplessly against the nylon ropes as Tim came up and, with no preliminaries, shoved his fat, hard dick all the way up Burt's sore ass with one thrust. He fucked with short, fast strokes. As he shot,

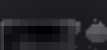
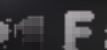
he pulled his cock out, covering Burt's ass cheeks and lower back with slimy cum. He scooped up a palmful of still-warm spunk and smeared it against Burt's mouth, covering his lips with it. As soon as he stepped back, Bill prepared to take his own turn with the humiliated foreman.

"I guess your poor hole must be all stretched out now that my bros have had their turns with you," Bill snarled. "But don't worry, bossman, we didn't want you to go away feeling all empty inside. We saved you the biggest one for last." Bill stepped around so that Burt could get a good look at the stiff, fat tool that jutted out from Bill's crotch. "It's always the skinny guys, isn't it



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boss?" Bill jeered, gathering his balls up in one hand and giving his bloated cock a couple of shakes.

Twenty-five minutes and two loads of cum later (Bill came twice), Burt opened his eyes again. His asshole felt

inhaled the stink of Bill's unwashed crotch.

Burt couldn't tear his eyes away from the scene. His breath began to come faster, and he felt a stirring in his balls and cock. He remembered the

swallowed; the foreman's mushroom cock head hit the back of his throat with every thrust. The flesh moved in and out of him as he inhaled the odor of dried cum, spit, and oil that came from the foreman's ass. Tim's teeth scratched the shaft as his hands pulled on the hairy balls.

Burt moaned. Tim's mouth teased him playfully, working faster on his cock then slowing every few strokes to lick its head. The kid's hand roughly fondled the hairy nut sac as pleasure overtook Burt. His knees weakening, Burt panted and moaned against the ropes as Tim Peterson teased his cock.

Tim's fingers entered Burt's stretched, cum-greased hole—two at first, then three. Finally, the kid pushed most of his fist through Burt's still-resisting ass ring and started fucking him, slowly at first, then more roughly. He had taken his mouth off Burt's cock when he started to work fingers into him, but now he swallowed the cock to the hilt, and he began to punch-fuck the burly man's ass without mercy.

Burt shuddered as a full day's worth of stored cum flooded Tim's slurping, sucking mouth, his hips bucked uncontrollably. Tim crammed the shooting cock into his mouth as a geyser of semen coated his tongue and throat. He hungrily swallowed every drop of the thick, bitter cum, then harshly yanked his wrist out again.

Several yards away Bill moaned, bucked his hips, and spilled his own load into his brother's mouth. Kyle spat cum and saliva onto the concrete.

The sun had completely set, and only an afterglow remained in the western sky. Burt's breathing slowly returned to normal. Then he heard the sound of footsteps approaching from the direction of the woods, and all heads turned toward the figure who had entered the clearing.

"What the hell's going on here?" yelled Ted Kinney.

Burt couldn't keep from laughing with relief as his employee stood before the group. "Thank God, Ted, get me out of here," he said. But his smile faded as he realized that the Petersons weren't scurrying at the man's sudden appearance.

Ted walked over to Bill. "We all set?" he asked, unwrapping the stogie the boss had given him earlier in the day.

"Ted! Help me! Get me down!" Burt ordered, but Ted's only response



stretched enough to run an Amtrak through it with room to spare. In the remaining light of the setting sun, Burt could see the three brothers lying naked on large broken slabs of reworked foundation, smoking cigarettes and laughing. Kyle suddenly threw his cigarette down and knelt before Bill, swallowing his brother's pale, heavily veined tool, teasing the perfectly formed head with the tip of his tongue.

Bill moaned loudly. "Yeah, bro, come on. Get down on it. Faster!" he begged. Kyle's back arched as he placed both palms against the concrete; his hips wrapped around the flesh as it disappeared into his drooling mouth. His chin touched the black bush at the base of Bill's cock, and Bill moaned again.

Kyle circled the rim of Bill's cock head with his tongue, then probed deeply into the piss slit, tasting droplets of cum and urine. Hawking up a handful of spit, he jacked the cock between his thumb and forefinger then sucked it back into his mouth. His brother's cock slid easily down his throat, and he

many times he had eyed his workers' muscular, hairy bodies, fantasizing and jacking off behind his desk. During the hot summer months Burt would bring in his Canon with its telefoto lens to snap shots of his hottest workers from behind the office blinds. After the photos were developed he'd sit in his recliner at home, staring at the candid shots and visualizing the men engaged in a hot, sweaty orgy on the floor of his trailer.

Now it was just like Bill had said. He was tied to his own equipment, the helpless fuck toy of a bunch of punks who intended to do who knew what with him.

Tim watched Kyle and Bill getting it on, then glanced over at Burt. The foreman's eight-inch tool was humping the earth mover and the man's eyes were closed. Excited, Tim walked over, knelt before the large man, and swallowed his cock. He relaxed his larynx muscles to deep throat the entire shaft, then began to work up to a faster pace. For almost 10 minutes he licked and

was to spit the tip of the cigar between Burt's bound feet

"Did you get the box?" Bill asked

"Yeah. It's in the bed of my truck."

Then Ted spoke to his boss stonily "See, bossman, you're going on a trip. You've been sold into slavery." He sucked thoughtfully on the stogie "And I, for one, am not going to be sorry to see the last of your vindictive, sadistic ass."

Speechless, Burt watched Ted walk away. Moments later the man's dilapidated pickup backed into the clearing. In its bed sat a wooden crate about six feet square. Small holes had been drilled into the sides.

Ted climbed out and ran his hands over Burt's hairy ass cheeks. "Bill and I've known each other for a while, boss," he explained, unzipping his pants. "I got a call from him telling me I could make some *real* money if I kept a look out for something his overseas buyers wanted awful bad. You see, these people, they like to collect American men. What they are is an all-male Iraqi terrorist group, and their political supporters keep the guerrillas going by

giving them men from our side to fuck and play with. It's sort of a sex zoo for them—a real morale booster. I understand. The supply of pets that Bill's people send overseas, well, they're tortured, their wills are destroyed, and they're enslaved for life. Well, not usually for life. When they're used up they throw them to the junior guards and, when they've had their fun, they line them up against a wall and shoot 'em."

A heavy thud sounded as the box fell from the bed of the truck to the ground.

Ted puffed on his stogie again, blowing the smoke directly into Burt's eyes. "They've had blondes and clean-cut frat boys and black guys and Asians. What they're looking for now is a big, muscular American construction worker to get their thrills from. A tall, hairy, white guy, in specific," Ted continued. "The physical description they gave matches you perfectly, boss. I guess it's what they need to round out their little harem. Bill came to the job site today just to check out whether you were really Grade A prime meat, like I told him. And you are!" He grinned cruelly and reached for the can of engine grease. "Mighty nice of the boys to leave us some of this," he laughed, coating his nine-inch hard-on with oil. "Don't worry, though, I'm sure they take good care of their possessions. At least for a while. After all, when you have something new, you take care of it, right?"

Burt pulled against the ropes with all his strength as Ted forcibly mounted the tall man's backside. "By the way, if it's any consolation to you, we're getting 20 grand for your ass," he said, shoving a muddy rag into Burt's mouth. "Remember, I always go where the money is! Yippy, yippy, yo!" He laughed again.

Ted spent the next half hour fucking the bastard he had given 10 years of

his working life to. He wasn't even a little bit gentle about it. As a finale, as he felt his load building up in his balls, Ted pulled the stogie out of his mouth, blew on the lit end, and, as he shot deeply into Burt's ass, jammed the burning cigar against Burt's left nipple. Burt screamed into the filthy rag and fainted.

When he came to, the first sounds Burt heard were the brothers' voices. "Be a lot easier if we sent him by insured UPS," Kyle joked. "Yeah," Tim cackled, "I hear they run the tightest ship in the shipping business."

"You sons-of-bitches!" Burt screamed. "You can't get away with this." Bill walked to where the foreman hung, filthy and exhausted, against the bulldozer. "We already have. Your days as a bossman are over, but your days as a scum bucket for cheesy Iraqi cock are only beginning." He reached around and gave Burt's scorched nipple a cruel twist. Burt winced and choked back another scream. "Oh, I'm sorry, sir. Did that hurt?" Bill asked sarcastically. "This will make it feel better." He pulled a hypodermic out of his pocket and jammed it into Burt's arm. Slowly, the dark abyss enveloped him again.

The next day Burt awoke slowly. His jaws ached from the ball gag filling his mouth and his nipple was in agony. Blackness covered him like a thick blanket except for small dots of dim light coming in through the air holes. He could tell that he was totally naked and, as he tried to move, he realized that his torso and hips were shackled to the floor of the crate, his wrists and ankles attached painfully to the four corners of its ceiling. With horror, Burt recognized the familiar drone that filled his ears. The box rocked from side to side as the airplane passed through a pocket of turbulence. The captive foreman was on his way to an entirely different kind of job site. ■



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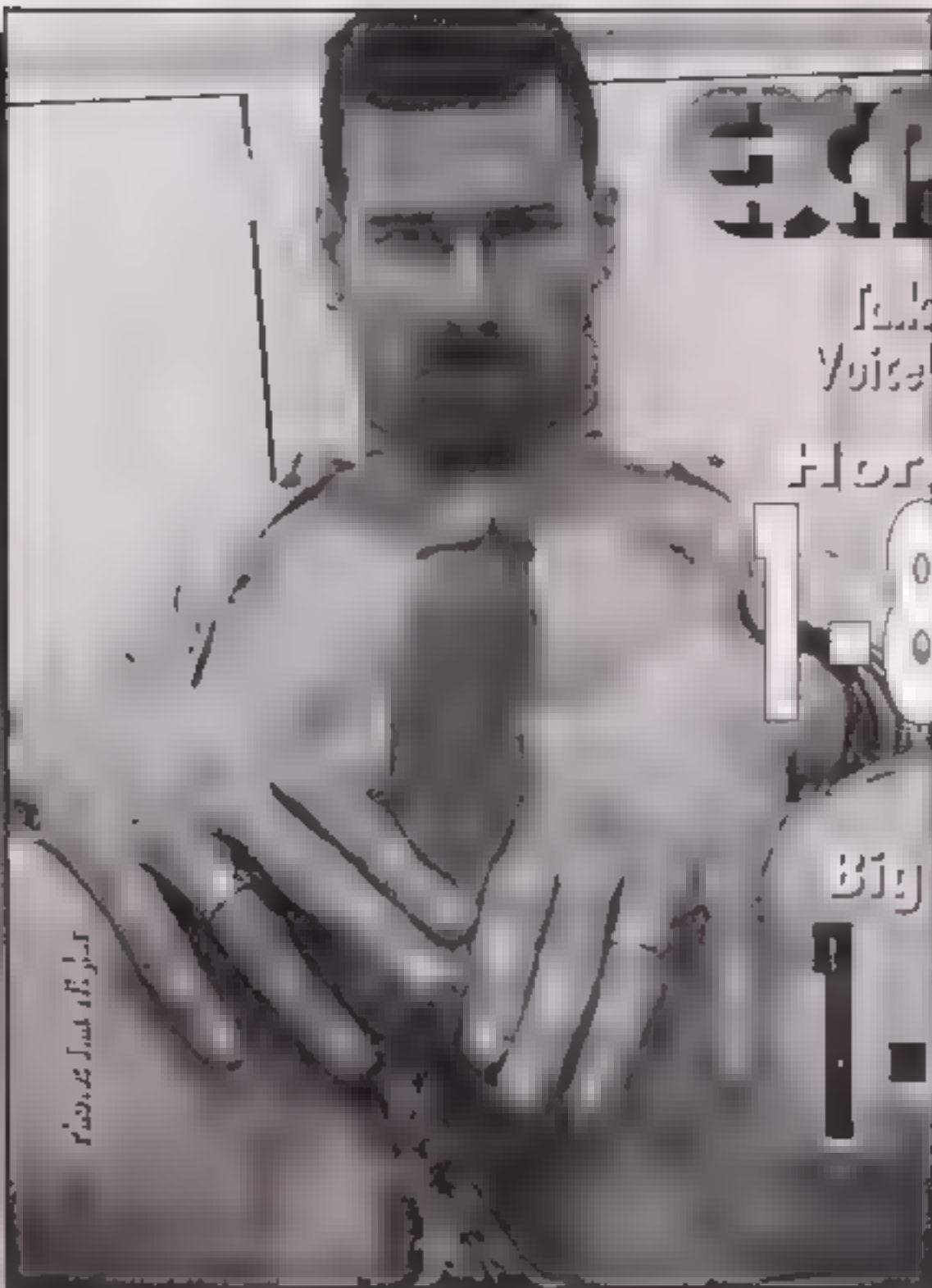
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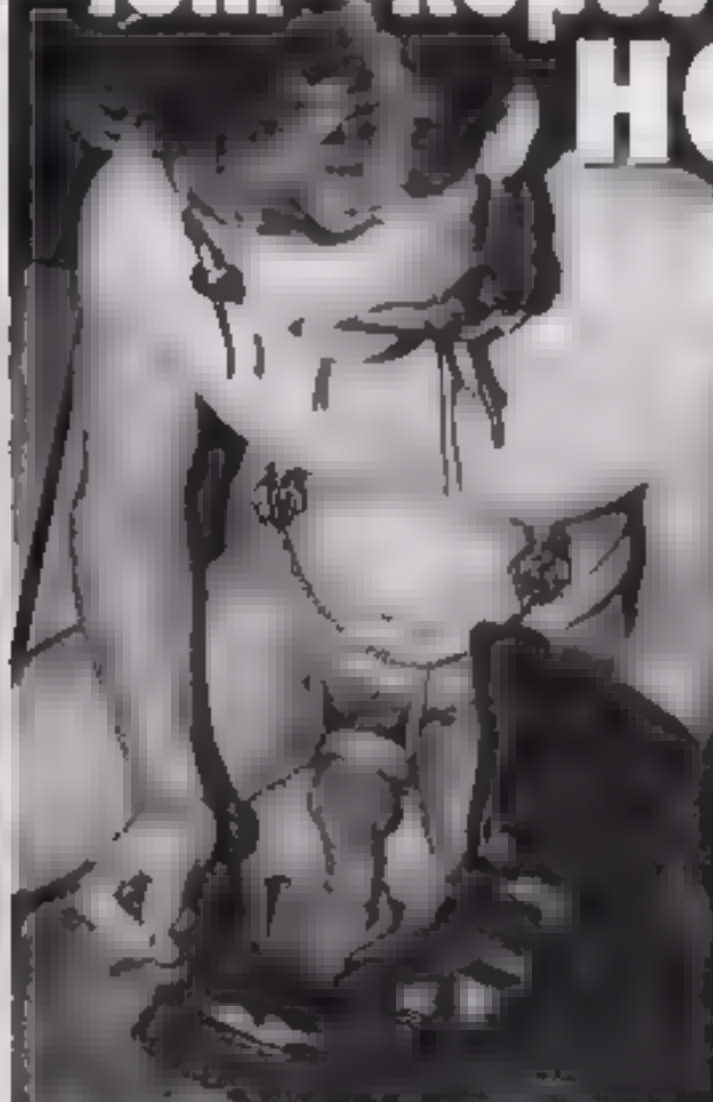
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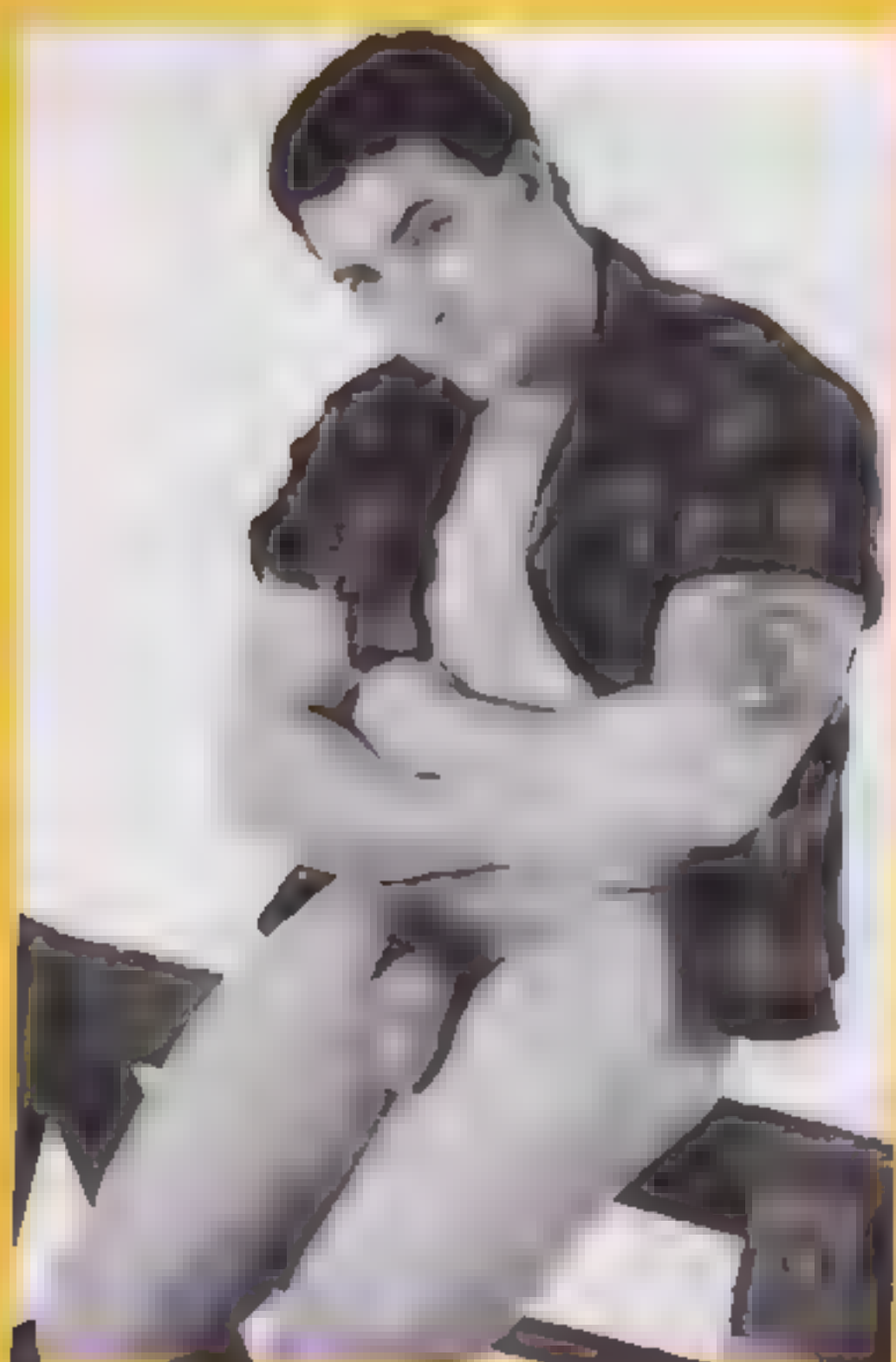
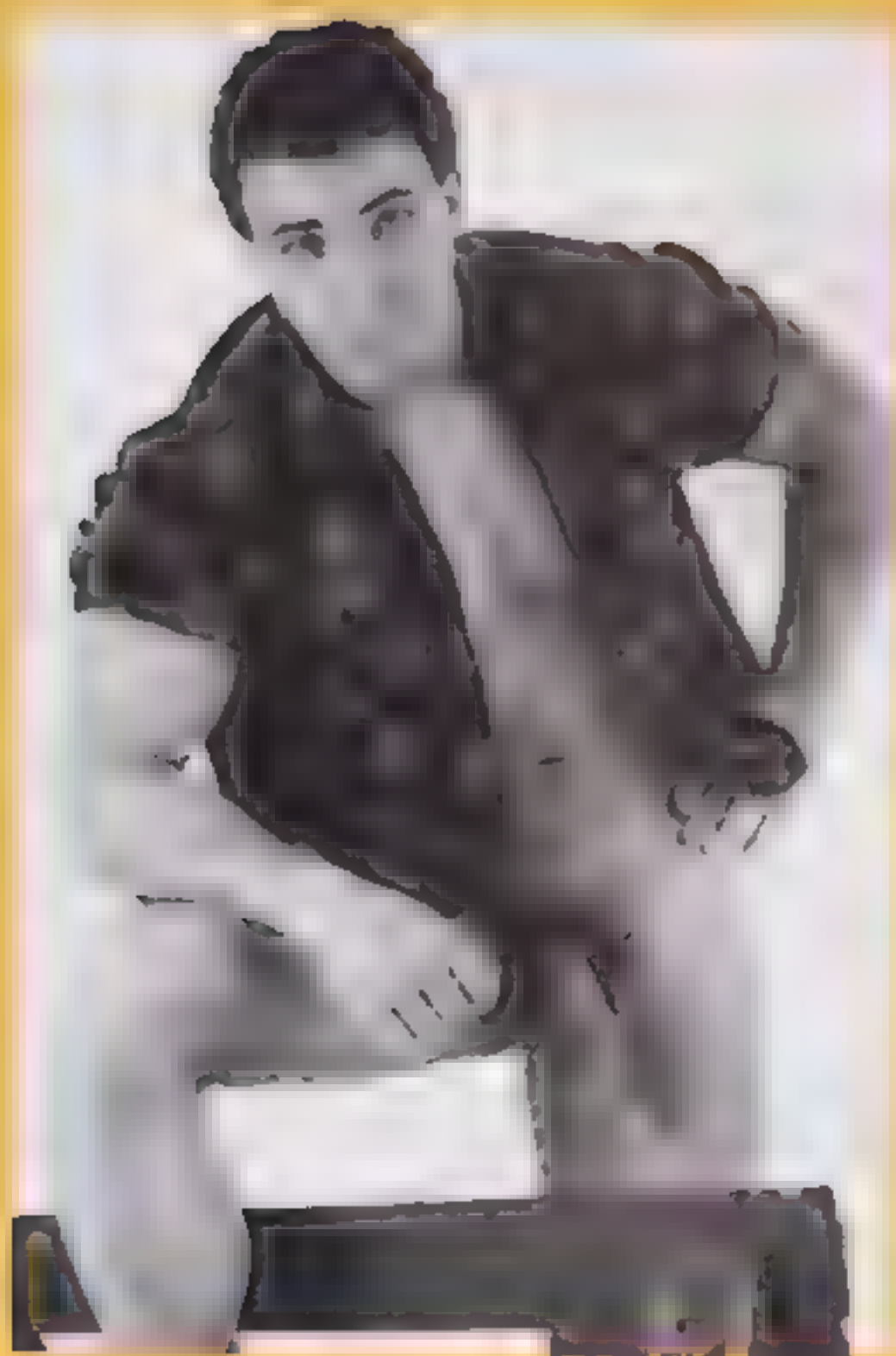
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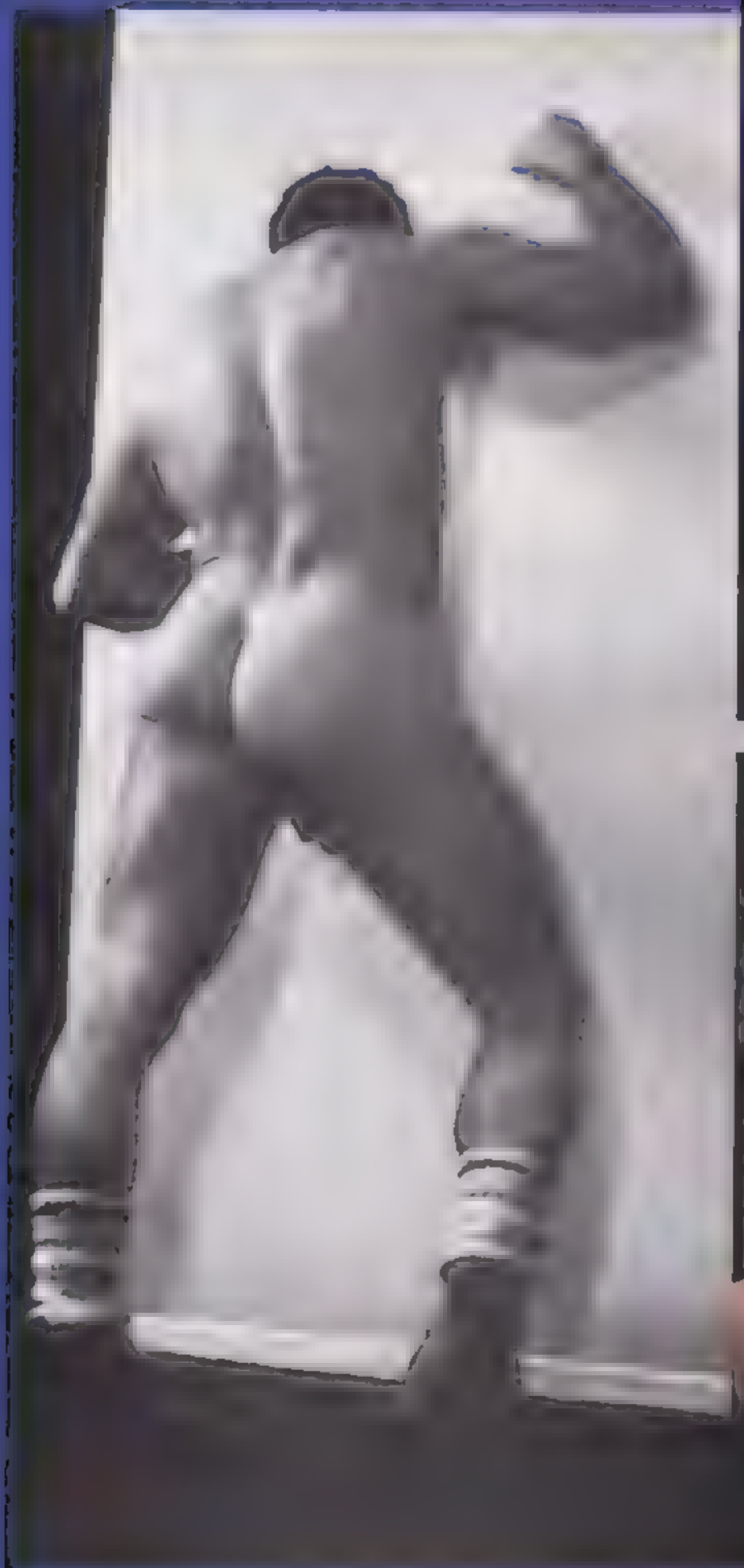
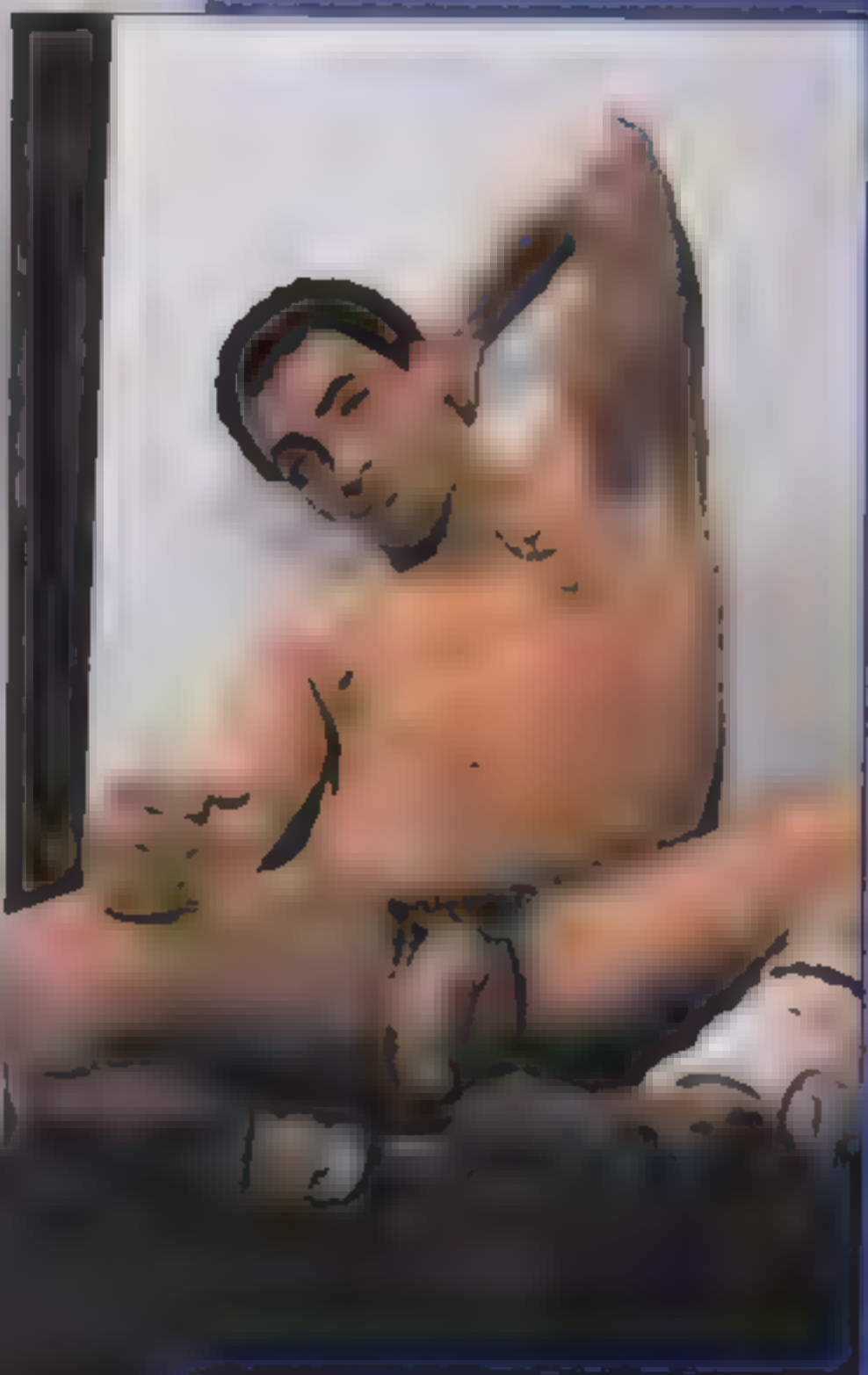
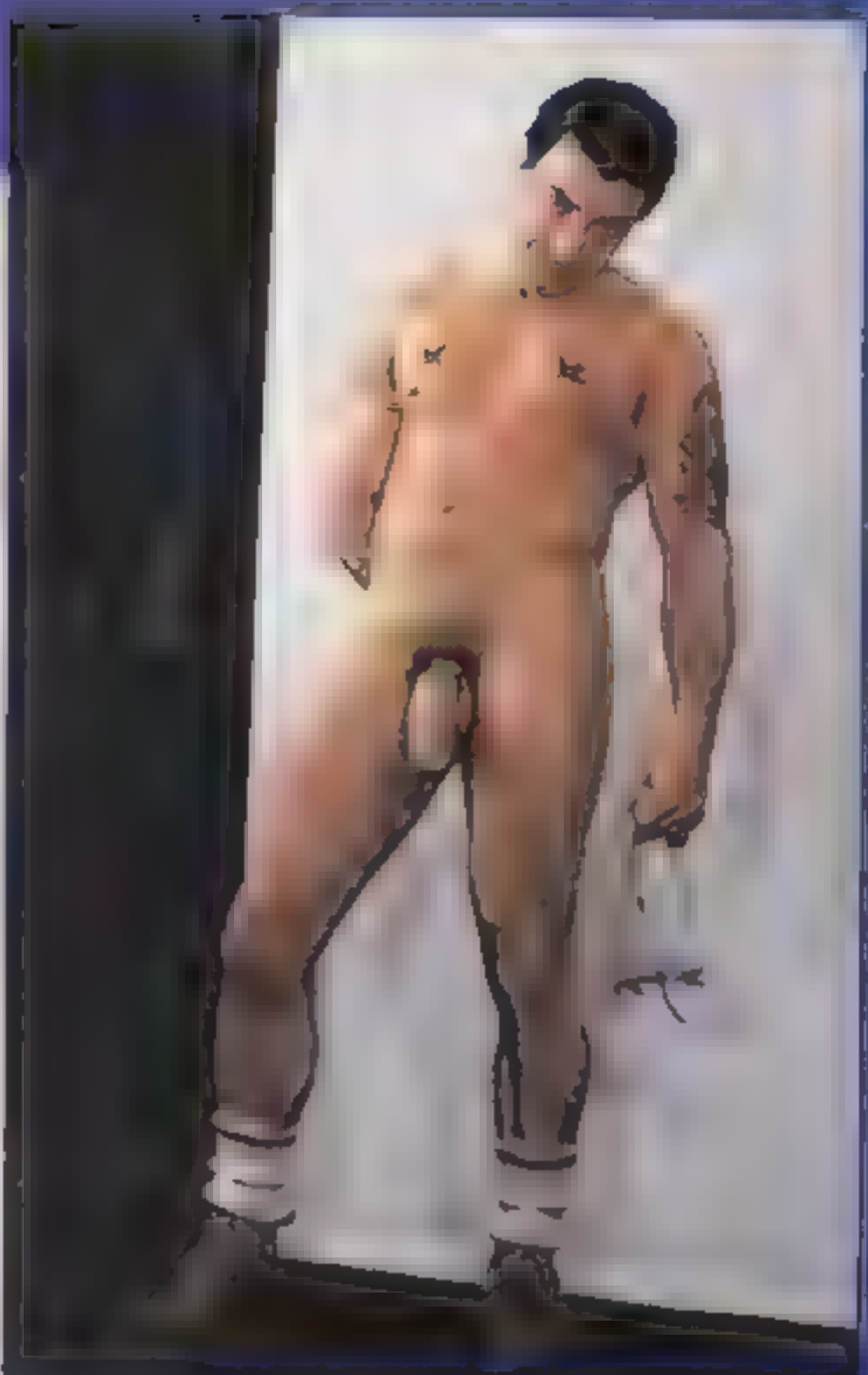




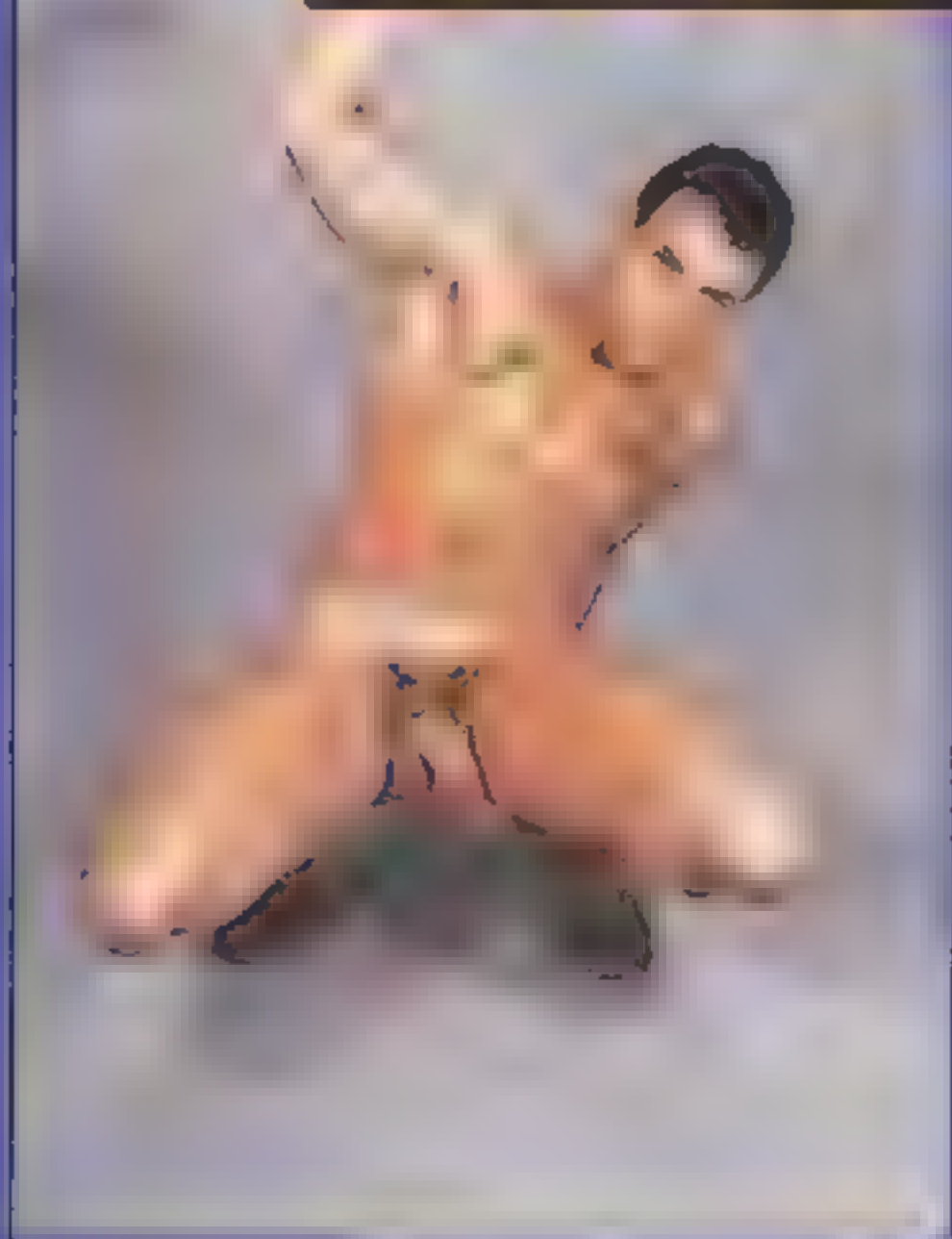
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BLACK LEATHERMAN/RECRUIT

Full partnership available living a "leather lifestyle" with mature WM, involving bondage, discipline and role playing as total reality. Promptly state your yearning. horacer Ross @ (2 3) 684 5811. Absolutely for real.

BLACKMAN AND YOLKY DEX

WM 34yo, 5'7", 160# good shape with bubble butt! To meet similar blackman, into hot leather, Speedos, arrets, aromas, toys, role play & most kinky scenes, etc. Absolutely no lots or formal. Call (3 3) 527 2965 9876 F

DESMODUS HUNTS

ORIENTATION

G Gay
S Straight
BI Bisexual
M Male
F Female
Cpl Couple

ACTIVITY

ISO In search of
SKG Seeking
SM Sado-masochism
JO Jacking off
BD Bondage & discipline

COLORS (Hair/Eyes)

BLK Black
BRN Brown
BLND Blond

W White
B Black
L Latin
A Asian
J Jewish
Btm Bottom
Slv Slave
yo Year old

WS Water sports
sent Sent
FF Fist fucking
VA Verbal abuse
SS Safe sex
elec Electric torture
CBT Cock & ball torture

RED Red
GRY Gray
S&P Salt & pepper
SLVR Silver
HZL Hazel

"/" Feet/inches
+/- Positive/negative
Pounds
cm Centimeters
kg Kilograms
L/L Leather/Levi
masc Masculine
musc Muscular

TT Tit torture
CBT Cock/ball/tit torture combined
Fr a/p French (suck) active/passive
Gr a/p Greek (fuck) active/passive

BLU Blue
GRN Green

BB Body builder
VGL Very good looking
UC Uncut
hng Big dick
NS Non-smoker
POB Post Office Box

CP Corporal punishment
M/S Master/slave

DRUMMER/178

178/DR. JAMMER 67

62 DRUMMER/178

CLASSIFIEDS

HAND SLAVE WANTED

Looking for submissive guy, 21-40yo, into SM, BD, CBT, TT, ass play. Domination provided. Safe, no drugs. Cleveland area. Letter, photo and phone to Box 9828LF

HIS BODY BUILT & TORTURE

Ohio, intelligent professional, 42yo, 5' 0" 175# Let's explore SM with artful, controlled application of elbows, knuckles, knees to crotch, gut, abs, ribs, or TT. BD Submission wins my affection. Thin, de-tuned to BB or average or plus. No gut or over 210# Safe, sane, kinky, role-reversal one night or a lifetime. Topless photo and desires to SMC POB 9830, Cincinnati, OH 452 9

OREGON

LEATHER FOR RUBBER SEX

Lonely and horny 30yo grad student seeks sadistic, insatiable leather Master to serve & service. All scenes except punch, my pain your pleasure. I'm smooth-shaven. Bi WM, athletic, hard working & experienced 9872

PHILADELPHIA

WM, 41yo, 160# looking for a verbally abusive, live-in leatherman who demands respect, admiration, free rent and fucks to show who's boss. Call evenings and weekends @ (503) 697 8857 9830LF

PENNSYLVANIA

LEATHER/RUBBER BOTTOM

Bondage, mummification, FF genital play, spandex hot sweaty leather/rubber sex uniforms. Willing to explore, expand with right Top/Master. I'm 6', 180#, with short cropped beard, hairy chest. Able to travel, live in the Philly area. Reply with photo if possible 9815LF

TEXAS

BOY SITS DOMINANT DAD

Boy is 30yo, 5' 9", 140# with spunkable and fuckable ass. Prefer Dad who is big, hairy, dirty mouthed and very aggressive in bed. Teach me that Daddy gets what he damn well needs. Send letter and photo to: Boxholder POB 7923 1, San Antonio, TX 78279 2311 3709LF

COWBOY BOOTS & SPUR FETISH

GWM, 39yo, 95#, 6' 3" 12D feet, with big moustache. Gets hard on when cow boys use spurs on horse or my flanks. Got a horse, saddles, bits, chaps, whips, 36 boots & 130 pairs of spurs. Saddle me up & put some spurmarks on my hide & like rank armpits & buttocks to worship too! 364 LF

FUCK YOU

Take a photo of yourself and send it to us for our TOUGH CUSTOMERS magazine—if you think you're man enough. Details on page 76

HEAVY TORTURE

Seek tough, Austin area guy for intense mutual torture sessions. am 32yo, 5' 11" 165# Prefer "no-safeword" action with few limits 9842

HUMAN WHORE

Offers his talented mouth and tongue for your use and abuse. Will submit to rough and humiliation. Pig is 5' 10", 146# 33yo, with small, worthless cock. Make an appointment with your own personal Port O Lett! You deserve it. No JO or late night calls, please. Rob, POB 18 281, Dallas, TX 75218 1281 (214) 328 2324 3688LF

HUNGRY SLAVE REQUIRED

by Cowboy Top to drink piss, eat ass, suck cock, service pits and feet. Prefer fuckable ass. I am 6', 170#, moustache/beard, very long brown hair, pierced nipples and tool, tattooed, HIV neg. Send letter/photo to Perry, POB 2263, Lubbock, TX 79408 or phone (806) 763 2700 3608LF

ARE YOU TOUGH ENUFF

Put your kinky photo on display in the next issue of TOUGH CUSTOMERS. Details on page 76

WITH COME BY, XX XXX, WANTED

Preppy or Country Western type, HIV-, NS, clean-cut, fun, outgoing. Size 10+ feet into feet/boots, JO, BD, & more in goodlooking, 47yo, Dad, X-USMC, HIV-, NS, 5' 10", stoche, BRN hair. In shape, 45#, 34" w. OBJECT: Everlasting Love. Photo for reply. R.H. POB 22806, Houston, TX 77227 5883LF

OVER 800" OF COCK

Send us a photo of you and your cock and we'll add it to our expanding collection in TOUGH CUSTOMERS magazine. Details on page 76

SLAVE SEEKS MASTER

32yo, 200# broad-shouldered, muscular, 7' 1/2" cock. Desires weekend intensive sessions. Heavy bondage, heavy CBT, TT, whipping. Seeks experienced Master with well-equipped dungeon. Prefer DFW area but will consider statewide. Photo gets same 3646LF

TEXAS LEATHER, PAIN, BD

Hot bottom needs a... in a... area... SM. GWM 33yo, 5' 4", 135# good build, needs torture. Give me a call at 806/353 9452 or write to Box 8440LF

EXHIBITIONIST FANTASY

Take a photo of yourself and send it in to us for our TOUGH CUSTOMERS magazine. Details on page 76

WANTED TO BE USED

Permanent, live-in slave wanted. Must be Grip/P/a, subversive, slim and have a really hot ass. No... 75# hairy, mature... GM who wants to be kept for frequent... start use as "Yes, Sir" fuck slave 8614

UTAH

WITH DAD HERE BUT

Wanted. Live-in boy, ready for a life of structure/discipline, balanced with affection/ tenderness... tall/slim, mid 40s, balding. Novices with proper attitudes welcome. Send us only need apply, photo required 88465 F

VIRGINIA

NOT BLUT BOY CUM SUCKER

Bi WM 6' 4" 220# 8' cut seeks Master who likes rape, gang rape, CBT, TT, SM, BD, YA, heavy humiliation, exposure. I on f or groups. Will drink piss/cum. Fuck me 9864

OVER 800" OF COCK

Send us a photo of you and your cock and we'll add it to our expanding collection in TOUGH CUSTOMERS magazine. Details on page 76

WASHINGTON

SM PLAY

GWM, 6' 3", 190# in Olympia, looking for Tops and bottoms into BD, CBT, TT, SM, leather sex in general. Light to heavy, safe and sane only. Age unimportant. Military welcome, absolute discretion guaranteed. Live in relationship possible. Call (206) 956-0650, or write with photo & phone to Box 9002LF

NATIONAL REPUTURE

Get published! Take a photo of yourself and send it to us for our TOUGH CUSTOMERS magazine. Details on page 76

INTERNATIONAL

EXTREME HEAVY BALL TORTURE

Masochist, 29yo, with fat shaved balls, seeks sadist for extreme ball punching with fists and rubber mallet. Ball sucking needles directly in the balls, electroshock modification, castration scenes. CBT photo & video action very good. Travel any time to USA. Visitors welcome. Write to: O. Lehmann, Potsdamerstr 70, D-10785 Berlin, GERMANY. I answer all letters with many horny, nude pics

PUT YOUR BOY ON DISPLAY

You own it—Show it off! Take a photo of your boy and send it in to us. We'll put it on display in our TOUGH CUSTOMERS magazine. Details on page 76

FRATERNAL BROTHERHOOD LOOK FOR

Friends into FF CBT, body, smells and taste. I have master attitude, mutual p/a. GWM, 4 yo, 5' 9" 158# short beard and hair, pierced and tattooed. Mind is more important than race, looks or age. I live in Italy & often travel. Visitors welcome. PH (11) 8125152 3675LF

REWARD! REWARD! REWARD!

Desmodus, Inc., does not make any warranties, claims, or guarantees about our advertisers. If you respond to an ad and meet with the person who placed it, you do so at your own risk. Be aware that not everyone plays safe or respects your limits, and exercise all due caution

NEW EXPERIENCE

Swiss country boy, HIV- 6' 2", 185# hairy, 1, seeks Top. Daddy over 40yo, and 200#, for hot sessions. Visiting USA, Canada soon. New friends are welcome. Strong discipline required. Send photos and needs to Box 9873

TOP BODYBUILDER (PARIS)

Hot Master, bodybuilder, champ, 26yo, 6' 247#, nice cock, big chest, big legs and abs, sweet bottom and big hands. seeks Tops or slaves with Top asshole who likes big godes, FF tits, shaving, and toys. Aspiroy. Call Mike in Paris (1) 400 9262

TWO BRITISH NEO-NAZI

Skinheads. Tattooed, booted, and looking for psycho-buddies, for ultra-violent fun touring in the fall. Mid-thirties & into leather gloves, combat gear, uniforms, fascist insignia. ALAWP. Especially jackboots. rather guys and skinheads 9870

WHEN YOU SEE THE (SYMBOL)

CALL THE DRUMMER TOUGH LINE 1-800-888-8884 \$1.98 PER MINUTE, CREDIT CARD ONLY 1-800-488-8844 \$3.15T MIN. \$2 EACH ADD. MIN. (LTD TO YOUR PHONE #)

WANTED: GAY TOP EX-COM

Serious, gym-built, Dutch bondage bottom. 37yo 5' 6", 165#, is looking for a dominant. GAY EX-COM bondage top. Wanna start a new life in a homo friendly country? Wanna own a guy without him being your slave (yet)? Love to use and abuse a guy in bonds? Well, this offer is a one-time chance! Write a long, honest and descriptive letter with a recent photo (nude or half-nude) and proof of criminal record(s) and incarceration. All letters will be answered 9890

GERMANY

REWARD! REWARD!

Master/Daddy, bear, 47yo, 6' 5" 218#, non-smoker, beard, hosts submissive guys/masochists over 35yo, beard, for heavy action TT CBT bondage, masks, dildos. Any scene considered but no drugs, scat or brutality! All nationalities, artistic inclinations appreciated. Can give touristic tips. Application with picture to Box 89 7LF

MAIL ORDER

HALL SCATMEN/RAUNCHMEN!

Brown/yellow hanky wearers? You need JACK'S SHITUST. 14th year of biggest newest-raunchiest-hottest & best artwork, stories, articles, ads, addresses & phone numbers. Copy is \$10 with over 21 state mail lock #2 POB 542253, Houston, TX 77254

FUCK YOU

Take a photo of yourself and send it to us for our TOUGH CUSTOMERS magazine—if you think you're man enough. Details on page 76

DRAWINGS BY REX

Hot, horny, unrelenting, front-line stud action captured in explosive drawings by one of the top erotic artists of our time. Send \$10.00 for five, 8 1/2 by 11, black and white samples plus full information on how to receive more. Send check or money order made payable to DRAWINGS BY REX 920arkin Street, San Francisco, CA 94109. State that you are over 21 years of age and wish to receive this material

IMMORTALIZE YOUR FANTASY

Custom, erotic stained glass designed with your wet dream in mind. Send \$A5F to "A Pane in the Glass," POB 364 Dunlop, CA 93621

BEWARE! BEWARE! BEWARE!

Desmodus, Inc., does not make any warranties, claims, or guarantees about our advertisers. If you respond to an ad and meet with the person who placed it, you do so at your own risk. Be aware that not everyone plays safe or respects your limits, and exercise all due caution

LEATHER PRIDE PIN AND FLAG

Choose either a square leather pride pin or crossing gay & leather pride flag pin for \$6.95. Table top leather pride flags with black base \$7.95. Send orders to Rob Gallery, 22 Shotwell Street, San Francisco, CA 94103. Phone order can be made by calling (415) 252 1198

PUT YOUR BOY ON DISPLAY

You own it—Show it off! Take a photo of your boy and send it in to us. We'll put it on display in our TOUGH CUSTOMERS magazine. Details on page 76

BIKINCYCLE LEATHERS

Buy and trade, new and used. From hats to boots. \$2 Catalog, Larsen leathers, POB 33, Riner, VA 24149

HOUSE SLAVES WANTED

I'm looking for men and boys who want to be nude slaves. Metropolis on-line magazine is already helping 100s of slaves to serve and is matching Masters with slaves. Free info. METS. POB 4597 Oak Brook, IL 60522. Inquiries from Masters welcome. 92551F

THE HUM

For information on Hum Art, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and a statement that you are over 21 years of age to The Hum, POB 1308 Portland, OR 97211

MODELS DC METRO

HOUSE MUNG BLACK MASTER

Dominant tall, aggressive throtian master will make you choke on his piss and cum. (202) 627-0083

FUCK YOU

Take a photo of yourself and send it to us for our TOUGH CUSTOMERS magazine. If you think you're man enough. Details on page 76

MODELS NO. CALIFORNIA

GENITAL RADIANT

Dominant built Top experienced in extremely gradual, measured genital torture with a variety of imaginative mechanical & electrical devices. Sensitive & patient enough to teach a beginner the pleasures of sensual pain. Sadistic enough to break any man into a screaming panic of tears and sweat. If you need an expert with real technique in sensual torture, call ROGGER. Short, hot, built, safe, intelligent and clean-cut (at least on the outside). (415) 864-5566, 10am to 10pm local time. No phone sex.

WHEN YOU GET THE SYMBIONESE

CALL THE ORGUMMER TOUGH LINE
1-800-888-8884
\$.98 PER MINUTE, CREDIT CARD ONLY
1-800-488-8844
\$3.15 MIN. \$2 EACH ADD. MIN.
RATED TO YOUR PHONE #

GET ENCASED IN LEATHER!!

Full body coverage. One of a kind leather bondage suit. Closes head to toe. Fits you skin tight. All sizes. Small to very large. Immobilization. Fully equipped playroom. Other specialized bondage gear. Mark Chester. (415) 621-0420

MALE CHASTITY

I am intelligent, creative, experienced AIDS aware and absolutely safe. My specialty: explorations in erotic pain, titwork, whipping, CBT and restraint. Beginners and heteros welcome. (415) 621-0420. POB 427501, San Francisco, CA 94142. Note New POB number! Call me. You'll like what you hear.

SM REVELATION

Long & slow. My specialty. 6'2" 185# muscular Master into ALL aspects of leatherplay. SM, BD, FF, WS, rouch discipline. In San Francisco call CORD at (415) 431-0959

MODELS SO. CALIFORNIA

ITALIAN MASTER

6', 200#, 25yo. experienced with attitude. will punish & train worthless slaves. (310) 652-2992. Master J. will travel \$50 & up

MODELS NEW YORK

LOVE TO HUMILIATE BABY

5'11", slim swimmer's build, very cute blond hair, fair/smooth skin. Loves cruelty, spanking, crops, TT humiliation, restraints. Wants willing to please, submissive dolls. Joints will be considered. Call Bill @ (201) 807-7320 between 5pm-12am NY/NJ.

MODELS TEXAS

HAIRY PRISON MATE

Hot guy is willing to be used or will hit you. I'll, I'm cheap! Rob. (214) 328-2324

MODELS FLORIDA

HUGE MUSCLE

SEE PHOTO IN VIDEO SECT 6. 255# 20" arms. 54" chest. 32" waist & 30" thighs. Rugged handsome hung big into SM, BD & all kink. Call (305) 463-4662



SM/BD/KINK - 24 HOURS

Sadistic Nasty skinhead. Butch dominant Top. Sane. Defined body. 6'2", 165# fully-packed jeans, low hangers. Multiple pierced/tattooed. Brute force VA, chains. Limits respected; expanded broken, travel. (407) 436-1183 "Cuner"

ORGANIZATIONS

CALL US ON QUARTERLY

Men who have em, want em. SASE for free info. BCDR. POB 501 Pomona, CA 91769

MALE NIPPLE MILK

National Dildo Club. Send name/address to: NDC, 1331 A Pennsylvania Avenue NW, #262, Washington, DC 20004

READY-MADE SM ACTIVISTS

Dedicated to safe and responsible SM since 1981. Open meetings with programs on SM techniques, lifestyle issues, political and social concerns. 8:30 PM 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Sept.-June, 208 W 13th St., NYC. Also special events: speakers bureau, workshops, demos, at-liney groups, newsletter, more. Write GMSMA, Dept. D, 496-A Hudson Street #D-23, NYC, NY 10014. (212) 727-9878

SPANNING AND CO

Red-tail Bi-monthly newsletter. Information, contacts, stories, art. Last issue \$10/year. \$40 M.H.E., 633 Post Street #500 C, San Francisco, CA 94109

PHONE SEX

COUPLE OF WOMEN COME

Hard-sweaty tough V/MC/AMX 24 HRS. Any scene. (307) 721-2077 John or Ty.

Leather Bondage Master

Body builder, 48" chest, 32" waist, 230# V arms. 8' A' cock into heavy wax, WS rouch, CBT, TT, nails, body shaving, punching, flogging, castration, ultimate scenes. V/MC prepay. (315) 457-6073

PHOTOGRAPHY

COLLECT MY PHOTOGRAPHS

Vintage Armandi Photographs. 8 1/2"x11", B&W photos. Let my images speak to your heart or from your groin. Armandi. 952 Rhode Island, SF CA 94107

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

COLONIC IRRIGATION

Professional equipment trained therapist. SF, CA. Appointment: call (415) 241-0567

SERVICES

EXTRAORDINARY TATTOO WORK

Custom designed. One of a kind. Blackwork and color. By appointment only. MAD DOG TATTOO. San Francisco. (415) 552-1297

BEATWOOD MAINTENANCE

BY leathermen, FOR leathermen. 30 minutes from NYC. 15 minutes from Newark airport in Roselle, NJ. Come swim in our pool, dip into our outdoor hot tub or see what awaits you in our fully equipped dungeon. Call for info/reservations. (908) 245-5373

THE SLING - SAN FRANCISCO

Private fisting parties the 1st and 3rd Fridays of the month. For invitation, call (415) 965-7085

USE OUR CHICAGO ADDRESS

Have your mail sent here then discreetly forwarded to you wherever you are (even overseas). Chicago voice mail available too. The Mail Post, 2421 B Pratt, Chicago, IL 60645. (312) 764-0100; Toll free: 1(800) 890-3199 for application/brochure. Established 198

VIDEOS

TOP JACK WINN

7 TOTALLY "ARRESTING" COP OLYMPIC VIDEOS. "Never a dull moment on screen!" COP WRESTLING 1, 96 min., COP WRESTLING 2, 110 min., COP BOXING, 60 min. and hot!! COP POWERLIFTING DAY 1, 90 min. COP

POWERLIFTING DAY 2, 108 min. & MASSIVE COPS & OTHER JOCKS TUG OF WAR 60 outdoor min. These 6 videos are \$49.95 each. Finally, try COP BODY BUILDING, 120 min. of 225# cops sweating & posing, \$69.95. State VHS or BETA. Purchase all 7 videos (more than 10 FULL ACTION-PACKED HOURS) in one set on the same date (normally cost at \$369.65 for all 7) and you pay only \$259.95! SAVE \$109.70! If you buy 1 video to "sample" the quality of picture & action you may still purchase the entire set in order. Simply subtract the cost of the sample video you purchased from \$259.95. We're that sure you'll like these videos you can't buy anywhere else. If you have a thing for cops, jocks, and hard some men, don't! Be sure to add \$4 EACH TAPE for postage & handling. CA residents: 6.5% Money orders/Credit cards checks REQUIRED for full. 0-hour sets & fastest service. Send for FREE Cop Herochure and/or place an order. PD Video 2755 Buher Va. by Road Box B Sebastopol CA 95472

HEAVY HUMILIATION!!

My tape makes you kiss ass, worship, obey. \$35. Andy, POB 1764, Willits, CA 95490. 1764 (not 1628 Comelia) Beg punk

HOT SCAT VIDEOS—THE BEST

The "Basic Training Series" Info on how to order send SASE to Dave, 225 R Market Street #462 SF CA 94114



HUGE MUSCLE PART II

Hard Hairy, Hung, 6', 255# of real man talking cocky and dirty. Watch me shoot my huge load! Videos, \$50, Photos (B/W or color) \$20. Brochure with list of other videos available. J.H.S. POB 4044 Ft. Lauderdale FL 33338. (305) 463-4662

VERY AND RUFFY ANYTIME

Videos featuring HOT Guys in Pissing & Dumping! Feed pants! Soaked beds! Drenched diapers! Golden arches! Watersports exchange! Plus HEAVY DUTY MCMASTER DUMPS! Hotest Most Messy! Send \$5 (refundable) VIDEO CATALOG & HOT SAMPLES! BIG selection of VIDEOS, Books & Color Photos! (For sign orders welcome. PAL video/Yes. MICHAEL STEVEN HOLDEN, 82 Wall Street Suite 105 New York NY 0005

REWARD! REWARD! REWARD!

Desmodus, Inc., does not make any warranties, claims, or guarantees about our advertisers. If you respond to an ad and meet with the person who placed it, you do so at your own risk. Be aware that not everyone plays safe or respects your limits, and exercise all due caution.

CLASSIFIEDS

HOW TO PLACE YOUR CLASSIFIED AD:

1. **FILL IN ORDER FORM AND GRID.**
2. **ENCLOSE CHECK, MONEY ORDER OR CREDIT CARD INFO.**
3. **MAIL TO: DESMODUS, INC., PO BOX 410390
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94141-0390,
FAX: (415) 252-9574 (CREDIT CARD ORDERS ONLY).**

BOX NUMBERS:

Use a Drummer mail box to have your mail forwarded even after your ad expires (let us know if you move) - cost is \$5

PHONE NUMBERS:

You can get an immediate response to your ad by using a phone number - cost is \$2. You MUST verify your phone number by calling us at (415) 252-1195 about two weeks after you mail your ad. Be at the phone number in your ad so we can call you back to verify the number. Business hours are 10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. Pacific Time, Monday through Friday. If you have not verified your ad within three months, we will publish the ad with a box number on it.

*We verify phone numbers one time. If you renew your ad at a later time and use the same phone number, just attach a copy of the printed ad to your new ad. We will NOT publish voice-mail service numbers in personal ads. Please include your area code.

PRIVILEGES:

In addition to our mail box forwarding, you may call us at (415) 252-1195 and receive a voice mail passcode. You can then leave your ad or any message to another ad on our phone line. *All current boxholders and Leather Fraternity members may call us to receive a voice mailbox number and passcode for their current ad. Your voice box will be active in the next available issue of Drummer magazine.

CHANGING OR CANCELLING YOUR AD:

Changes must be in writing along with your payment of \$10. We will not refund money if you cancel your ad.

PHOTO ADS:

A photo with your personal ad can only be considered for Tough Customers (see page 8 for details). Models/escorts and commercial advertisers can have a 1/4" photo printed with ad - models/escorts pay \$35 and commercial advertisers pay \$50. Enclose a 3" x 5" black and white photo along with a signed statement saying you are at least 21 years of age.

SELECT A CATEGORY:

Prices vary, see grid for details. Personal/Leather Fraternity • Models/Escorts • Commercial

EXTRA FEES:

We reserve the right to edit or to refuse any ad for any reason. We will not publish references to minors, animals, prostitution or drugs.

HEADLINE:

Your classified ad will go into the next available issue. Allow 60 days to see your ad in a future issue. Remember it takes time for people to respond to your ad as we

HOW TO RESPOND TO A CLASSIFIED AD:

1. FOR ADS WITH A BOX NUMBER:

- Seal your reply in an envelope on which you have written the box number on the back flap.
- Use correct postage - domestic (US) costs 29 cents for the first ounce, 23 cents for each additional ounce, Canada and Mexico cost 40 cents for the first ounce, 23 cents for each additional ounce, foreign overseas is 50 cents for the first half-ounce, 45 cents for the second half-ounce, 39 cents for each additional half-ounce. Foreign overseas vouchers or money cannot be used. Foreign country responses: If US Postage is not available, we will provide postage for 1-5 letters, send an additional \$2. For 5-10 letters, send an additional \$5. Postage rates are subject to change without notice.
- Put the sealed letter(s) and a \$1 forwarding fee (include a note if you are a LF member) per reply in another envelope and mail it to DESMODUS, INC., PO Box 410390 San Francisco, CA 94141-0390.
- Letters not properly prepared will be returned to sender.
- Desmondus will forward responses to ads in back issues. However, we cannot guarantee that old addresses will be valid.

2. FOR ADS WITH (SYMBOL):

1. Using a touch-tone phone dial 1-800-959-8684 (\$1.98 per minute billed to your credit card) or 1-900-468-6844 (\$3 first minute, \$2 each additional minute billed to your phone number).
2. Follow the voice directions from the phoneline. For 1-800 calls have your credit card number and expiration date ready. Also have ready the four-digit number appearing at the end of the ad you want to contact.

THE LEATHER FRATERNITY



SAVE MORE THAN 60%

Join the Leather Fraternity today!

Compare the cost:

Non-members \$470 - \$510 / Members \$185 (\$240 outside the US)

*These are for personal ads only. No models or commercial ads accepted!

- | | |
|--|--|
| • \$59 VALUE
12-issue subscription to Drummer | • \$10 VALUE PER CHANGE
Change ad copy up to 3 times. |
| • \$399 VALUE
10-line personal ad in Dear Sir for 12 issues | • \$1 VALUE PER AD
No forwarding fees when responding to other ads. |
| • \$5 VALUE
No fee for a box number | • \$2 VALUE
No phone verification charge |

SEND US YOUR PHOTO & GET SEEN IN DRUMMER'S TOUGH CUSTOMERS #10

**NOW
YOU CAN
SUBSCRIBE
FOR \$35**



Are you tough enough to become a Drummer Tough customer?

To prove it just send us a photo of yourself (b&w preferred) in any pose so we can show you off in our next issue of *Tough Customers* - the Photo Personal Publication. Make sure to print your name and address on the back of the photo along with a signed statement that you are of legal age. You may include your address for publication, or we will assign you a confidential TC Box #. Having your photo in our *Tough Customers* is one of the greatest ways to meet other Drummer men with your interests from all over the country/world. Please note that we cannot show penetration. Photos cannot be returned.

Send photos to: Desmondus, Inc., PO Box 410390, San Francisco, CA 94141-0390

P.O. Box 450390

San Francisco, CA 94141-0390
(415) 252-1195

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CTY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

I declare that I am 21 years of age or older and that the data in my ad is true and correct. I understand that no proofs of my ad will be supplied to me for approval and I waive all claims regarding accurate reproduction due to mistakes or technical failure. I understand that Desmodus, Inc. is in no way responsible for any transactions that occur between myself and any persons I contact through their publications. Desmodus, Inc., has the right to publish my advertisement and photo (if sent) in the classified section of Drummer Magazine or in Tough Customers Magazine.

SIGNATURE _____
(REQ. RED.) _____

IN THIS CATEGORY:

PERSONAL ☐ MODELS/ESCORTS ☐ COMMERCIAL

UNDER THIS HEADING:

☐ HOME STATE ☐ COMMERCIAL
☐ NATIONWIDE Write in Heading— Video, Mail Order, etc.
☐ INTERNATIONAL ☐ OTHER

If you do not select a heading, we will place the DC in your home alone.

COST OF AD:

Read across to the amount in the right margin of the last line you have used. \$ _____

Number of times ad will run. and reviewed X

Subtotal

For 4 or more insertions, deduct 10% from subtotal - _____

Box Number (One-time charge of \$5.00) +

Telephone Number in ad (Add \$2.00) _____ + _____

include my photo
(Models/Escort add \$35.00, Commercial add \$50.00) ☐ ☐

Total

OR: Sign me up for the Leather Fraternity! This includes a *Drummer* subscription, a personal ad (maximum 10 line ad), and free forwarding as described on the facing page, all for only \$185.00 (\$240.00 outside the U.S.)

METHOD OF PAYMENT:

Check (Payable to DeemedJG, Inc.)

Money Order

Viso Mobilecord

American Express

CARD #. EXP

Your signature is required here for credit card authorization.

Allow at least 45 days for your ad to be published

BOLD HEADING

(25 letters and spaces maximum)

[illegible]

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V140



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V151
V152
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V155
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V157



BOB JONES

V600
V601
V602
V603
V604
V605
V606
V607
V608
V609
V610
V611



V607

CLOSE UP

V002
V100
V101
V102
V103
V104
V105
V107
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V109
V110
V111
V112
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RUSSO PRODUCTIONS

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APOLLO

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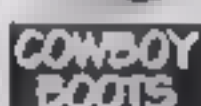
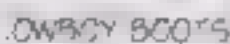
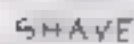
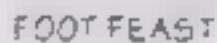
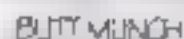
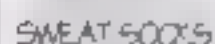
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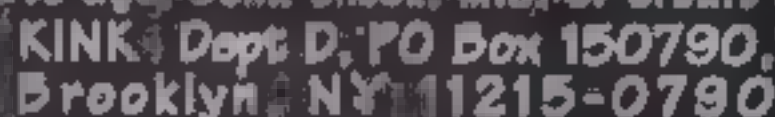
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